THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE BASEBALL PENNANT RACES

By HUGH FULLERTON

APR. 15,
1933

Liberty

5¢

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES . .

ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild,* call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

NO TRICKS... JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

"How can I win *Admiration?*"

WOMEN ASK THIS FAMOUS STAR

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning admiration! It is so important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what Claire Windsor has to say.

CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold* it, too—if she knows how! "A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have," she says.

Here's one secret you MUST know

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT YOUR ADVICE," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided you are careful to guard complexion beauty!

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret--and *keep* this youthful charm right through the years."

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

And of the 694 important Hollywood actresses (including all stars) actually 686 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap! That's why it has been made the official soap in all the large film studios.

Naturally *you* will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly for smooth, clear skin.

The Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX
Toilet Soap

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

APRIL 15, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 15

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by STOCKTON MULFORD

WAGES AND THE DEPRESSION

Wages are a dangerous subject—we all want them as high as possible. In bygone years capital was the malignant force that crushed labor into submission. But in many large industries unionism has compelled capital to bow down to the just demands of labor. And for this service unionism is to be commended.

But too much power is often the source of evil, whether it be exercised by capital or labor.

In some instances these two great forces are working together harmoniously; but now labor is in the ascendancy and in some few industries it has assumed a dictatorial and even an arrogant attitude. And although gains may be made by this means temporarily by individual workers who hold their jobs, those who are laid off are the victims of this injustice.

When wages are kept up unduly and artificially the price of the product of labor is maintained or increased and the demand is automatically decreased. As a consequence many workers in such industries lose their jobs.

President Green and other labor leaders continued to maintain in the first years of the depression that wages should not be reduced. President Hoover, with political sagacity, indorsed this demand.

But the maintenance of high wages naturally helps to maintain prices at a higher level than would have been necessary if wages had been reduced. Thus the demand for the "high-wage" product is decreased, and as a result workers lose their jobs and businesses are forced into bankruptcy.

Technocracy, with its claim that the price system has served its purpose and that we must adopt other standards, has created sensational interest. But the price system has been in existence since the dawn of civilization; and if it is guided entirely by supply and demand, and if there are no forces operating to uphold or lower prices artificially, it cannot be improved upon.

In some phases of the industrial world prices have been forced upward by the demands of favored monopolies and by artificially maintained high wages.

In the agricultural world the middleman has beaten down the prices of farm products to such an extent that hundreds of thousands of farmers have lost their homes.

If possible the standard of living attained by labor in recent years should be maintained. But high wages for favored individuals and no wages at all for others less fortunate is grim injustice.

Furthermore, as a country we hate class distinction; we hate aristocracy, regardless of its origin. A labor aristocracy is just as bad as any other.

Unionism is a beneficent force when guided by intelligent, conscientious leaders. But when a standard of wages is upheld by force and intimidation, ignoring entirely the law of supply and demand, suffering and disaster—at least for those who lose their jobs—is not far away.

The price of farm products must go up or the price of labor in the industrial world must come down. The depression will be a permanent fixture until there is a proper balance in the financial returns to the agriculturist and the workers in the industrial world.

The average editor will always take the side of high wages. But manual workers are not nitwits; many of them are clear-headed. You cannot fool all of them by such sophistry. We should remember that high wages can lead to ruin and disaster just as much as the other extreme. For a short time those who manage to hold their jobs when wages are artificially maintained may apparently be profiting. But how about those who are thrown out of employment? Furthermore, in the maintenance of an artificial standard of high wages the employed members of those unions which assist their unemployed members are naturally compelled to share their wages.

Wages are paid for the products of labor. If the products are unduly high the number of buyers is automatically reduced. Therefore wages have to be lowered to attract additional buyers. The lower the price, the larger the demand and the more workers employed.

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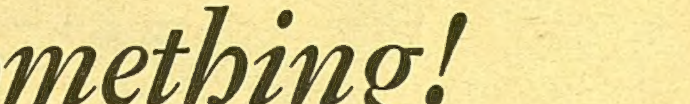
So put Grape-Nuts Flakes down on tomorrow's grocery list now. And listen to your whole family chorus, "It's *grand!*" . . . Grape-Nuts and Grape-Nuts Flakes are both products of General Foods.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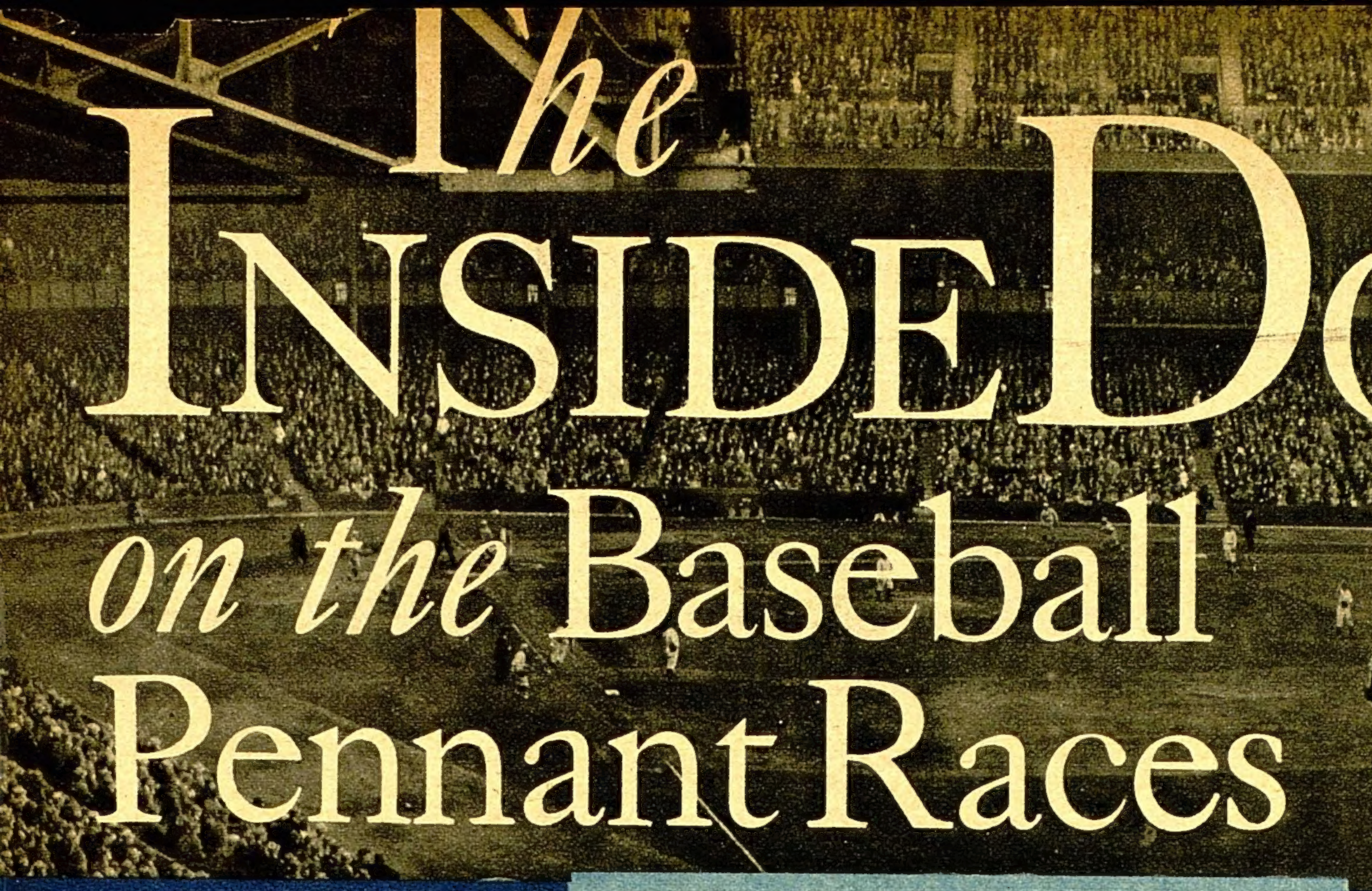
THE FAMOUS FOOD, GRAPE-NUTS, IN A DELICIOUS NEW FORM. MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY.
NET WEIGHT 7 OUNCES

THE NEW CEREAL SURPRISE—COMPANION TO GRAPE-NUTS



The INSIDE DOPE on the Baseball Pennant Races

The Game's Most Famous Forecaster Picks the Yankees and the Pirates, But Predicts Some Record Upsets

By HUGH FULLERTON

Hugh Fullerton, the author, who since 1896 has been a leading dopester of baseball. He has figured the World's Series correctly in all but five instances, and in thirty-six years has doped the National League winner twenty-seven times. In the junior league his record is twenty-one out of thirty. Fullerton's team analysis is based on the theory that the offensive strength of a team is 64 per cent of its total strength. He analyzes each player, offensively and defensively, studies his hits, their nature and timeliness, his base running, ground-covering ability, throwing, and thinking. Fullerton even figures how many games each player will probably play in, and the number of different clubs each pitcher will face. His rating of the sixteen clubs appears on the following pages.

(Reading time: 21 min. 45 sec.)

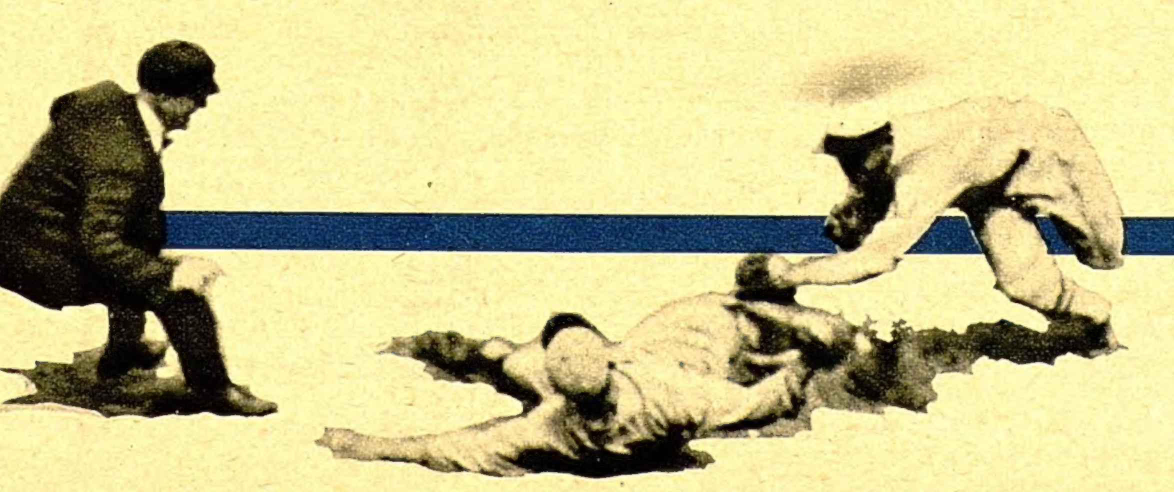
IF you have figured a way to get the world out of this depression, worked all your jig-saw puzzles, and desire something really difficult of solution, I recommend the task of doping the pennant races in the American and National leagues for 1933. After thirty years of figuring the comparative strengths of teams I have surrendered this spring, giving it up as hopeless.

I have calculated the team strengths on the basis of line-ups in the training camps, but with the unprecedented number of changes during the winter, the prospect of more exchanges of players before June 1, with fifty per cent of the players dissatisfied or worried over salary cuts and fear of losing their jobs entirely, there are too many unknown quantities entering into the situation for me to attempt any accurate prediction.

Never, during the present century at least, have the major-league clubs been so weak. Never have they been so closely matched, and never have there been so many revolutionary changes in line-ups. So closely matched in strength are the eight clubs of the National League that any one of the first seven may win the championship, and the eighth—Cincinnati—might conceivably gain sufficient strength through the uncovering of just one sensational pitcher to reach the first division.

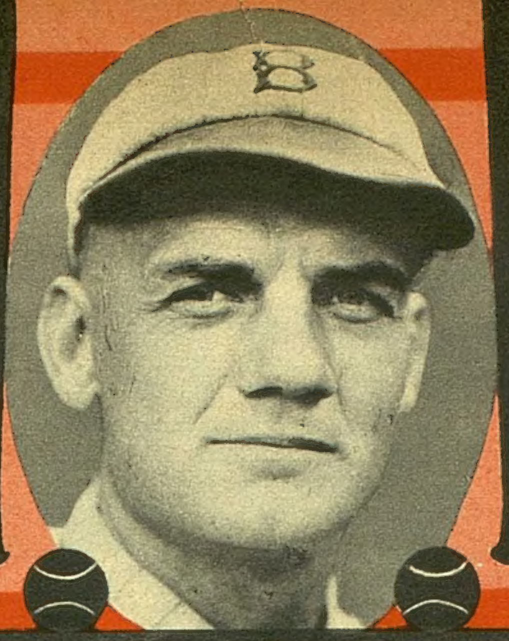
In ordinary years the American League has been much easier to figure in advance than the National has been. For twenty years the American has been developing preponderantly strong clubs which have accented the weakness of the others, and since the beginning of the Ruthian era New York and the Philadelphia Athletics have outclassed the other clubs with Washington as practically the only threat.

This season the situation is changed. The Yankees, because of their terrific attacking power, still lead. They were not the best team last year and their victory was something bordering upon the miraculous. Any team with a weak pitching staff that develops two young stars, and any team that has a wabbly infield and then has two passé athletes stage a comeback and lead it to victory, should take the horseshoe with a dado of four-leaf clovers

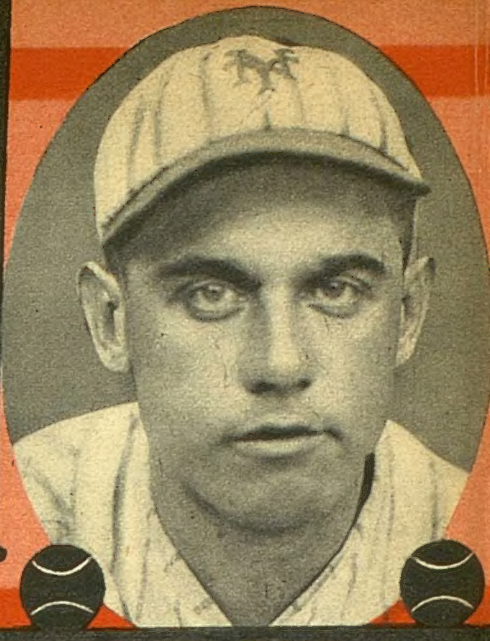


GABBY STREET
CARDINALS

BERT SHOTTON
PHILLIES



MAX CAREY
DODGERS



BILL TERRY
GIANTS

as its emblem. The Athletics, the best team of last season, slumped in pitching and catching with Earnshaw flopping, Cochrane, upset by stock-market losses, degenerating from the best catcher in the country to just a catcher, and Grove suffering injuries at critical stages.

This season neither the Yankees nor Athletics are as strong as they were a year ago, while Washington, because of shrewd trades, moves up in the dope to practically a tie, and the Chicago White Sox, because of the purchase of three stars and the strength of their pitching, again become a pennant possibility.

No person dares predict what the effect of the drastic cuts in salaries may have upon individuals and teams. The salary slashing resulted in a record-breaking number of holdouts and in muttered and even open threats of everything from retirement to reprisals.

Salaries have been excessive; in some cases ridiculous. Sensible players realize that some reduction is necessary. What they resent is the tendency to go to the other extreme. Some salary cuts have been made not because of actual losses but in anticipation of losses in the next season. Players resent having their salaries slashed when business may improve and the clubs make money.

What the fans are interested in is whether the salary cutting will affect the chances of teams winning. Clubs that do the least cutting naturally will have the most satisfied players. The owners strove to avoid that development by agreeing upon a scale of cuts. That plan has not worked. In fact, no agreement between club owners ever has been kept. The weaker clubs naturally have been damaged more than the strong and rich ones; an unfortunate situation. Local conditions in Philadelphia, however, forced the Athletics to make drastic cuts in pay of players, which affects a strong team—and helps New York and Washington.

There was muttered talk about rebellion among the players, but no move in that direction has been revealed; yet the club owners are nervous. Last season's experience with Pacific Coast League teams, which played ball in ratio to the reductions of their pay, was a warning that the pay slashes may show in the official averages.

THERE are great difficulties confronting a dopester this spring. It is impossible to predict what trades of athletes will be made as a result of men being disgruntled over their attenuated pay checks. The chief reason for the trade of Dazzy Vance by Brooklyn was the size of his salary, and Dazzy may not remain long with St. Louis. It is impossible to know if Travis Jackson's trick knee will carry him through the season; whether Clarke Griffith has ruined a great short stop to make a field manager; whether Del Bissonette, Joe Judge, Rogers Hornsby, Rosy Ryan, or half a dozen other veterans will succeed in their comeback efforts; whether Allen, Gomez, and Warneke, three unexpected sensations in pitching last year, can repeat.

There are entirely too many unknown elements entering into the calculations for me. You fellows may try it, but, for the first time since 1896, I refuse to commit myself beyond saying that I prefer the chances of Pittsburgh in the National League and of Mack's Athletics in the American to any others, and that if I were playing long shots or second choices I would have a little bet on Philadelphia in the National League and Washington.

Let us study the vital points of each team and the changes that have been made that may affect the final results. Take the National League first because its race promises to be most interesting to the entire country.

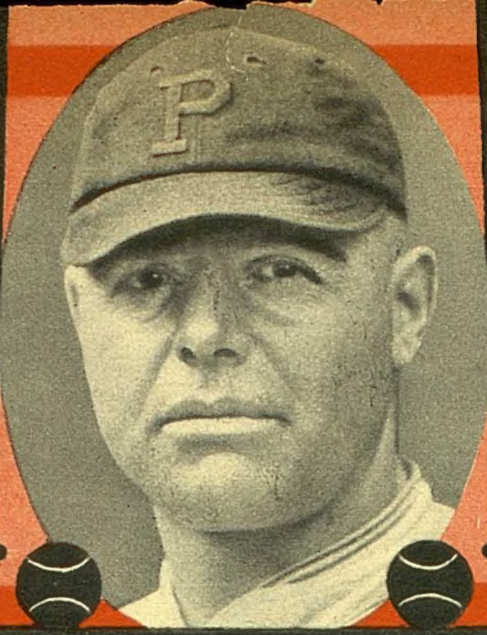
PITTSBURGH has the best constructed and best balanced team in the circuit; which does not necessarily mean it is the strongest, for the simple reason that in these days one long drive by a wild-swinging pitcher may offset half a dozen base hits by good batters. Pittsburgh's fate depends chiefly upon a slight (less than eight per cent) improvement in its pitching over that of last year. The Pirate pitching staff figures fourth in the circuit, while the team as a whole figures first. Therefore either its pitchers must improve in average work or its attack must increase in effectiveness enough to make up for the pitching deficiency. The acquisition of Lindstrom rounded out the team. On batting averages it ought to lead the league, but unfortunately it is not strong in long-distance hitters of the "clean up" kind who drive home runs in bunches.

George Gibson is, I believe, one of the best managers in the business, one who holds to the old-time fight-for-every-point system of team play. His acquisition of Honus Wagner as his assistant was more than a popular gesture. Gibson and Wagner played together under Fred Clarke when players fought for games and regarded opponents as foes. Those were the best days of the sport. As a catcher Gibson excelled in handling pitchers, and Wagner was of as much value to the team as friend and adviser of youngsters as he was as a player. The combination, with Lindstrom filling out the infield or outfield, is excellent, and if Wagner fails to get the youngsters to doing their best and Gibson fails to make a great pitcher out of Swetonic I'll be surprised.

Chicago's Cubs, with the hitting power of Babe Herman added to their already strong assault, will be dangerous when Herman learns which direction is toward first base. The team was not the best in the National League last year, excepting for three weeks, during which it won the championship. It had the most consistent pitching, and the unexpected development of Warneke into a persistent winner against any team changed the entire National race.

The spurt of the Cubs after the firing of Hornsby and the appointment of Grimm as manager was unnatural. The wave of enthusiasm and some hard riding spurred even the natural loafers on the team to top speed. The Cubs had the breaks at critical stages, caught three rival teams in slumps at decisive times, and won. Yet, despite the added power of Herman's hitting, they do not figure to repeat. The only symptom of improvement is in the report that Malone is in top shape.

CHARLIE GRIMM
CUBS



GEORGE GIBSON
PIRATES

BILL MC KECHNIE
BRAVES

DONIE BUSH
REDS

U. & U. News photos

While the Cardinals, with their inexhaustible supply of reserves, always are dangerous, and while they have tremendous pitching potentialities, their pennant chances are not as bright as those of some worse clubs. The deal for Dazzy Vance was a shrewd one and helped both St. Louis and Brooklyn. The Dazzler was through as a Brooklyn pitcher and through as an every-fourth-day pitcher. Given the assignment of playing one game a week or pitching against selected opponents, he should be almost unbeatable, and St. Louis has a huge assortment of pitchers who can give him all the rest he needs between games.

The return of Rogers Hornsby to the Cardinals is one of the freaks of baseball history. Rickey and Breadon breathed a sigh of relief when they got rid of him before, and told the world of the woes he had caused them. It is difficult to believe that he was seriously considered as second baseman, and many thought his return was a gesture to put an end to Frank Frisch's holdout. Others had the idea that Hornsby was taken back to be groomed to become one of the chain-store managers, although Rickey perhaps knows that no bunch of minor-league players would work under Hornsby. He never was a good defensive player, but he could, and can, hit.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Comparative Team Strength

Pittsburgh	11221
Chicago	11184
St. Louis	11086
New York	11043
Brooklyn	11014
Philadelphia	10987
Boston	10926
Cincinnati	10646

Frisch's determined holdout against his salary reduction was one blow to the team, and the loss of Gelbert, who suffered a gunshot wound that ends his career, for a year at least, together with the sale of Bottomley, shoots the Cardinal infield to pieces. One finds it difficult to envision either Sparky Adams or Wilson as a regular short stop on a major club. I want you fans to watch this fine lad Crawford who is being tried for first base. He is a comer, even if not this season, and will go far in baseball.

The big deal with the Giants that gave St. Louis two promising left-handers—Walker and Mooney—Ethan Allen, and Bob O'Farrell is hard to explain. St. Louis needed capable left-handers, as every team does, but the majority of managers would think any team insane that would sacrifice a first-class catcher, such as Mancuso, and not only that, but to trade him to a potential rival to cure its most glaring weakness. There may have been unknown reasons for the deal.

THE Giants are, in fact, the big question mark of the National League. A year ago they figured to be the strongest team in the circuit, yet they had difficulty in escaping finishing eighth. McGraw's dramatic retirement, the collapse of the pitching staff, the slipping of Jackson's knee, the wrecking of the morale of the men, ruined the team. With all respect to Bill Terry the morale did not show great improvement after he assumed command, which he must know, since he has been weeding out athletes who failed to fit into his scheme of things.

This spring Jackson's trick knee is likely to become as important a National problem as prohibition, Babe Ruth's salary, or the depression. On that loosely hinged limb depends not only the welfare of the Giants, but to a large extent the prosperity of the National League.

Jackson in perfect form is one of the two ranking short stops of the sport. With him out the Giant infield fails to function.

Terry's heroic efforts to remove the dead wood and the discordant elements bequeathed him by McGraw may get results. Securing Davis from Philadelphia to fill the gap in the outfield was a stroke of genius. His outfield will rate with any in the league, and his infield the best in the National defensively, provided Jackson's knee hinge can be kept from overheating. In attack, however, it loses class, as neither Critz nor Vergez can hit much. Securing Mancuso makes the team a pennant threat; and getting rid of Hogan helps almost as much. Hogan was worthless to the Giants and to himself, except as a comedian, but with twenty-five pounds off his weight he may become an idol in Boston. New York was bad for him and he for it.

DOPE shows that Philadelphia rates sixth, yet it is but 234 points behind Pittsburgh, and when one studies the dope closer, he will be amazed to find that the Phils rank second in attacking power. This means that if they have not sacrificed too much pitching in Benge and too much outfielding in Davis they have a pennant chance. The sacrifice was made to fill the awful void existing at second base, and that gap appears to be satisfactorily filled.

Shotton (got it right this year!) has been building steadily toward a pennant contender, and for once the owners have steadfastly refused to sell the valuable players until the team is formidable.

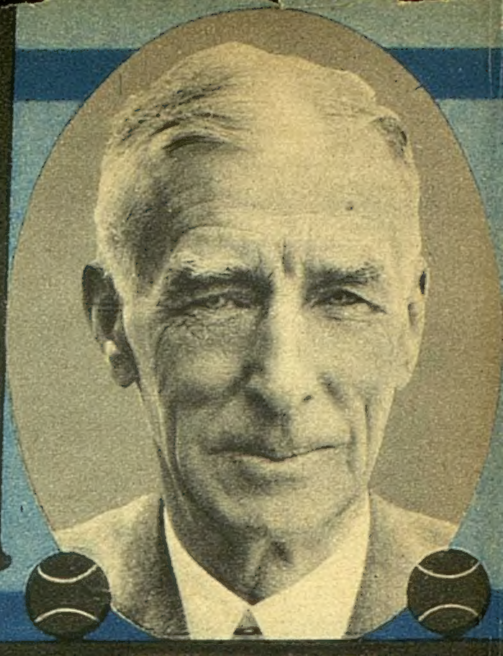
Boston lacks several requisites to a championship team. It is a spotty and patchwork outfit and so much depends upon Maranville that doping it as a team is useless. As long as the Rabbit can make and hold the pace and drive others to keep up with him, Boston is a hard club to beat. But when Maranville slows down and tires, as a man of his years must do, regardless of his great fighting spirit, the team goes back. It is a dangerous early-season team and this year should be more of a factor, because it will get two early-season shots at the supposedly strong Western clubs before they reach their best form, so that the schedule makers who changed the usual routine in order to reap whatever benefits may accrue from the Chicago fair, have helped Boston. McKechnie has more power behind the attack this season, probably will have better catching, but the team lacks reserve force and pitching.

Cincinnati is little, if any, stronger, despite Weil's efforts to bolster the team. It lags behind the other

JOE MC CARTHY
YANKEES

BUCKY HARRIS
TIGERS

JOE CRONIN
SENATORS


CONNIE MACK
ATHLETICS

clubs in attacking power and in speed and is scarcely of major-league caliber. The desperate condition of the major leagues in respect to securing playing talent may be judged by the calling in of ancient Harry Rice to fill the outfield, but that is no worse than other clubs summoning Rosy Ryan, Jack Quinn, and other Methuselahs of sport. Brooklyn taking on Joe Judge is not in that category, for while Joe has gone back he hasn't met many first basemen coming up.

The American League outlook, although less uncertain and complicated than that in the National, has its bewildering aspects, yet anyone who understands Einstein's theory perfectly will have no trouble in doping the result. Last season Washington figured third in team strength, behind the Philadelphia Athletics and New York Yankees. This year they again figure third, but with a great deal of difference. Because of their big gains through cunning trades and the losses of strength by their nearest rivals, they rate so close to the top that a few luckily placed hits or the development of a young pitcher who can win better than half his games would put them at the top.

This winning pitcher may be Weaver, who shows symptoms of becoming another Walter Johnson.

In fact, if I were taking second choices instead of doping favorites, I would rather have a parley of Washington and the Philadelphia Nationals than any other combination in the two leagues. The big interrogation mark with Washington is Joe Cronin, a fine short stop, a natural field leader, and an inspiring fellow—on or off the field. But whether appointing Cronin manager will reduce his value as a player remains to be proved. Sometimes playing managers—who can demonstrate what they order—succeed, but usually their work slumps because of the double strain. Being manager made Bucky Harris better for a time, and Griffith evidently believes it will affect Cronin in the same manner.

Griffith has held a theory for years that the American League, and especially the Yankees and Athletics, can be left-handed into submission. The only flaw in his argument is that his left-handers never have been good enough to do it. No team hits good left-handed pitching, but bad left-handers beat themselves.

THE Athletics still are dangerous. Mack did not sacrifice half as much net strength as some critics seem to think he did. They are counting the stars sold to Chicago as total loss to the Athletics, forgetting that Mack has capable and younger substitutes whom he has been training to replace the stars.

Getting down to essentials, the success or failure of the Athletics in 1933 depends upon two things: whether Micky Cochrane recovers his best form and whether Earnshaw works hard and becomes the pitcher he was in 1931. Earnshaw's complaint about the drastic surgical operation affecting his pay check makes it certain he will either work or pass out of baseball as one who ought to have been another Mathewson and took his mind off the task. Cochrane's case was different. He worried himself from being the best catcher in the country to near mediocrity because of business affairs outside baseball, and is due for a big comeback.

There is as little use in trying to dope the Yankees this year as in figuring how long Ruth's legs will stand the strain, but while they possess hitting power to score 22 per cent more runs than opponents they are a pennant possibility. Either they must slump badly in hitting, which is improbable, or weaken in pitching and defensive work to lose this advantage. Their pitching, even with Allen and Gomez winning as they did last year (which is improbable also), is not up to that of Washington, the Athletics, or Cleveland, figuring those staffs at their best, and not better than the White Sox if that staff works properly. McCarthy has half a dozen collegians, Brennan, who ought to be a star, Van Atta, Pete Jablonowski, Duke, Deven, and several others, and evidently expects to develop another Gomez. Lightning does strike twice in the same place, despite the tradition.

Frankly I expect the long delayed blow-up of the Yankees. It is hardly probable that Lazzeri and Sewell, who did a twin resurrection act and saved them last year, can repeat. The team is not as strong as it was in 1932 and it rated slightly under the Athletics then. In addition, we must deduct for wear, tear, and depreciation of Ruth.

CHICAGO, under Fonseca, is making a strenuous effort to get back in the pennant class. Charlie Comiskey promised the loyal Chicago fans another championship team, and his son Lou is turning loose the cash box to make good his father's promise. The team was not as bad last year as the standing of the club might indicate. It suffered a remarkable series of accidents and injuries last season at critical times and to keystone players, especially to leading pitchers. With the addition of the stars bought from the Athletics it passes Detroit and Cleveland in the dope and becomes a serious threat to the leaders. Injuries to pitching stars alone probably cost the White Sox ten or twelve games last year—and that much change this season probably would mean the difference between a third- and a seventh-place club. For the first time in many baseball generations the White Sox seem freed from dissension and willing to work for the manager, which means much.

Cleveland is a team which came forward fast, developed into a pennant contender, then slipped back. Having startling good fortune in developing unknowns, the management evidently thought players could be found on every sand lot. Then the supply suddenly ceased. Now the Cleveland team faces a dissatisfied public and a disgruntled element among the players. Ferrell, who ought to be the best pitcher in the country if properly handled, has been at cross-purposes with the management. He has the sympathy of the fans, although he does not deserve much, and may be traded, which makes another problem for us poor dopesters, as he would make a difference of seven or eight games in the standings of Cleveland and of the club securing him.

MARTY MC MANUS
RED SOX

BILL KILLEFER
BROWNS

ROGER PECKINPAUGH
INDIANS

LEW FONSECA
WHITE SOX

U. & U. News photos

Cleveland's first-base problem is troublesome. Of three candidates for the position not one is of championship caliber, Morgan, who held out but came to terms, perhaps being the best. The team can use Boss even if he does not play first. It seems a case of do better or get out with Peckinpaugh, and with the material at hand not as good as that of two years ago the outlook is not promising.

Detroit has scattered power, and had surprising pitching at times last season. Yet the only chance of any big improvement that I can see lies in the report that Fischer is in fine condition and ready for a big year. This fellow has been overdue for several years. On the form he showed when with Newark, he promised to become a big shot in the major leagues, and has not done so. If he develops anything like his minor-league form this season, Detroit will be up in the procession and will blast the hopes of some pennant dreamers, even if it does not reach the heights itself.

St. Louis has added some reserve strength and ought to be consistent if nothing else. It is not a good club; rather a steady and persistent one, and Killefer gets fair results out of his material. Surprisingly the team has not seemed to make any great effort to strengthen itself, evidently being satisfied that the material on hand is quite as good as that on the market. There have been persistent reports that St. Louis is to figure in a big deal, but at this writing nothing has developed.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Comparative Team Strength

New York	11717
Philadelphia	11648
Washington	11567
Chicago	11133
Cleveland	11116
Detroit	11044
St. Louis	10929
Boston	10388

WHICH brings us to the Boston Red Sox, the chambermaid of the league, which—patched, darned, and reënforced by cast-offs from other clubs—is sadly outclassed. The team should win a few more games this season than it did in 1932, and discreet use of Weiland against the strong clubs might help materially during the early season. Hodapp, from the White Sox, should balance the team better. I am tremendously interested in this fellow Roy Johnson who, when he came into the American League, was touted as a coming world beater, but who failed at Detroit in an unaccountable manner. Since he went to Boston he has changed his hitting, turning from right- to left-handed batting, and able to hit from either side of the plate. The experiment is infrequent in modern baseball, although back in the '90s a dozen or more right-handed batters turned to left-handed batting and developed into real hitters.

The purchase of the Boston American League Club by young Austin Yawkey and Eddie Collins further complicates that championship race by changing a hopeless, poverty-stricken team into an active element in the situation. There is but small hope that the change will lift Boston out of eighth place this season, as the new owners must rebuild the team from the bottom.

It means, however, that Boston will win eight or ten more games in 1933 than it did in 1932 on improvement in morale alone, and the new owners start with unusual opportunities for strengthening by purchase of players. Yawkey's foster father entered baseball at Detroit for love of the sport and his money did much to start the American League toward success. The young man has millions of dollars, and in baseball a dollar in 1933 is three times that of 1929 in purchasing power. Eddie Collins has been one of the outstanding players for twenty years, smart, clean, and well educated. Under Mack and with Comiskey he learned a great deal about management of clubs.

I KNOW that Collins will get results. When he was a kid in prep school at Tarrytown, New York, he proved that. Eddie organized the team. Most of his players were sons of wealthy society people and the short stop rated millions. Eddie stood that short stop as long as possible. In one game the short stop made five errors in succession, and when the boy kicked the fifth bounder, Eddie grabbed sections of bricks and chased him out of the park. Such management would get results even out of the Red Sox as constituted last year.

There are, as the team goes into training, nearly thirty high-grade ball players unsigned and rebelling against contracts offered them. Some will be sold to other teams because their own club cannot afford to pay them what they demand. Some will be sold because they will not be satisfied where they are.

By June, opportunities will present themselves to Collins to purchase at least four players needed to bolster his team.

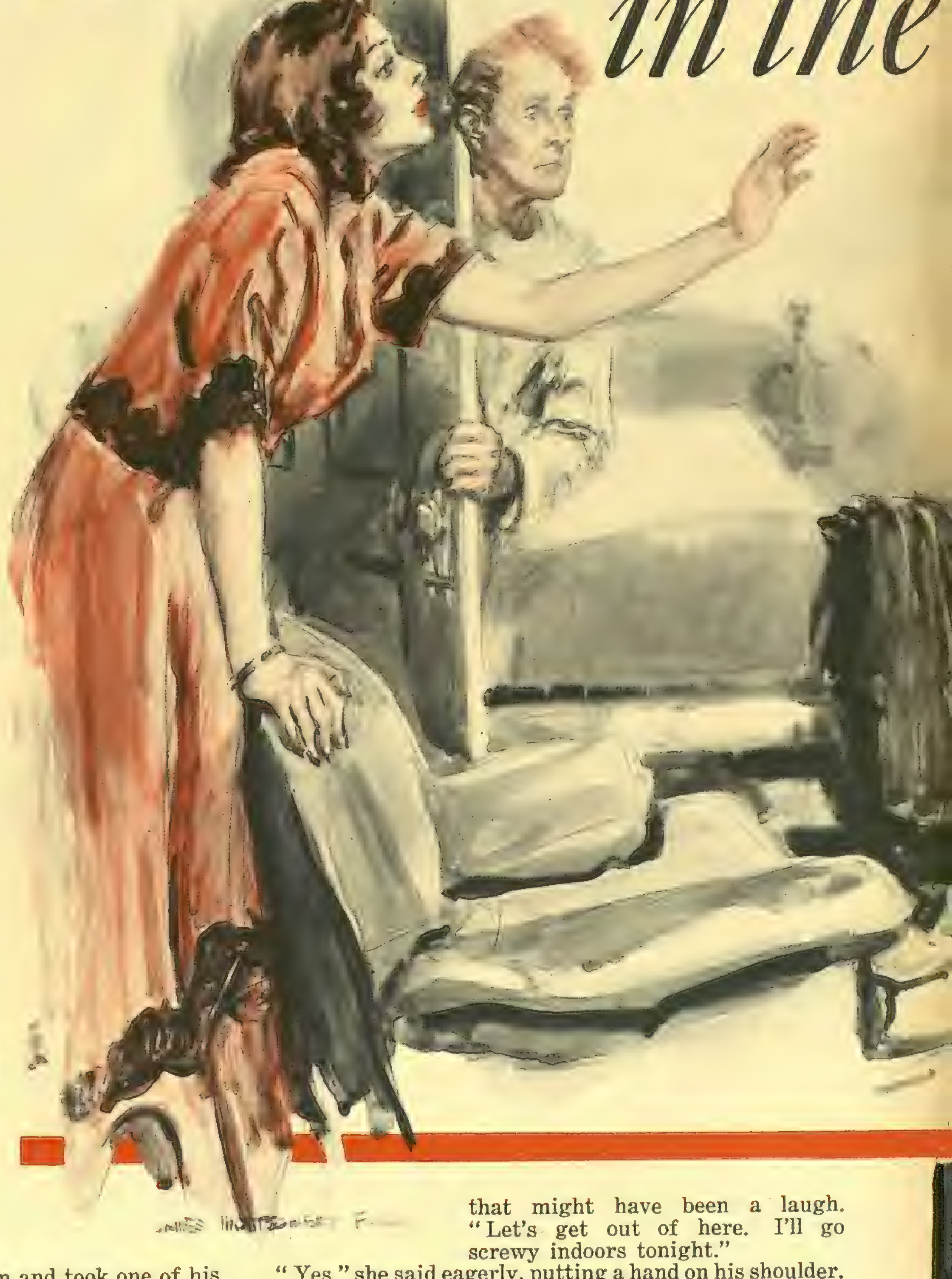
In addition to that, Collins will have the Boston team in condition before the season opens by driving it hard, and Boston becomes at least an upsetting element in the calculations of the league.

If Boston can win sixty games during the coming season it will accomplish more than the Yankees would do winning a hundred, for it will upset a lot of dope. I have seen weak clubs win persistently from strong ones during April and early May, before the teams settle to their real stride. Boston, handicapped by having to play the strong Yankees, Athletics, and Washington before meeting the Western clubs which are more of their caliber, is in fine position to ruin one or possibly two of these because two of them are veteran organizations and the old-timer is inclined to be deliberate about working into top condition.

There is the dope; and now that it is spilled I intend to do what every fan should do: exercise his inalienable right to root for his own team. I am rooting for good old George Gibson at Pittsburgh and my old pal Bill Killefer, whether they finish first or eighth.

THE END

Woman in the



(Reading time: 30 min. 45 sec.)

THIS is the story of Luise Fischer, who flees from Kane Robson, wealthy philanderer, on a stormy night and takes refuge in the cottage of Brazil, an ex-convict. Calling on Brazil at the time is Evelyn Grant. Robson, accompanied by his friend Conroy, follows Luise but she refuses to return to Robson's home with them. They return later and Conroy kills her great Dane dog and Robson attempts to drag the girl off. Brazil, who had left the house to see that Evelyn returned home safely, comes in, knocks Conroy down, his head hitting the fireplace, and with Luise's help disarms Robson, whom he later allows to leave with his semiconscious friend. Luise is telling Brazil how she met Robson in Switzerland when the telephone rings. After answering it Brazil tells Luise that Evelyn reports Conroy has a fractured skull and Robson is swearing out a warrant for his arrest.

PART TWO—THE POLICE CLOSE IN

LUISE came to him with her hands out. "But you are not to blame. They can't—"

"You don't get it," his monotonous voice went on. He turned away from her toward the front door, walking mechanically. "This is what they sent me up for the other time. It was a drunken free-for-all in a road house, with bottles and everything, and a guy died. I couldn't say they were wrong in tying it on me." He opened the door, made his automatic pretense of looking out, shut the door, and moved back toward her.

"It was manslaughter that time. They'll make it murder if this guy dies. See? I'm on record as a killer." He put a hand up to his chin. "It's air-tight."

"No, no." She stood close to him and took one of his hands. "It was an accident that his head struck the fireplace. I can tell them that. I can tell them what brought it all about. They cannot—"

He laughed with bitter amusement, and quoted Grant: "'The strumpet's word confirms the convict's.'"

She winced.

"That's what they'll do to me," he said, less monotonously now. If he dies I haven't got a chance. If he doesn't they'll hold me without bail till they see how it's coming out—assault with intent to kill or murder. What good'll your word be? Robson's mistress leaving him with me! Tell the truth and it'll only make it worse. They've got me"—his voice rose—"and I can't live in a cell again!" His eyes jerked around toward the door. Then he raised his head with a rasping noise in his throat that might have been a laugh. "Let's get out of here. I'll go screwy indoors tonight."

"Yes," she said eagerly, putting a hand on his shoulder, watching his face with eyes half frightened, half pitying. "We will go."

"You'll need a coat." He went into the bedroom.

She found her slippers, put on the right one, and held the left one out to him when he returned. "Will you break off the heel?"

He draped the rough brown overcoat he carried over her shoulders, took the slipper from her, and wrenched off the heel with a turn of his wrist. He was at the front door by the time she had her foot in the slipper.

She glanced swiftly once around the room and followed him out. . . .

She opened her eyes and saw daylight had come. Rain no longer dabbled the coupé's windows and windshield and the automatic wiper was still. Without moving she

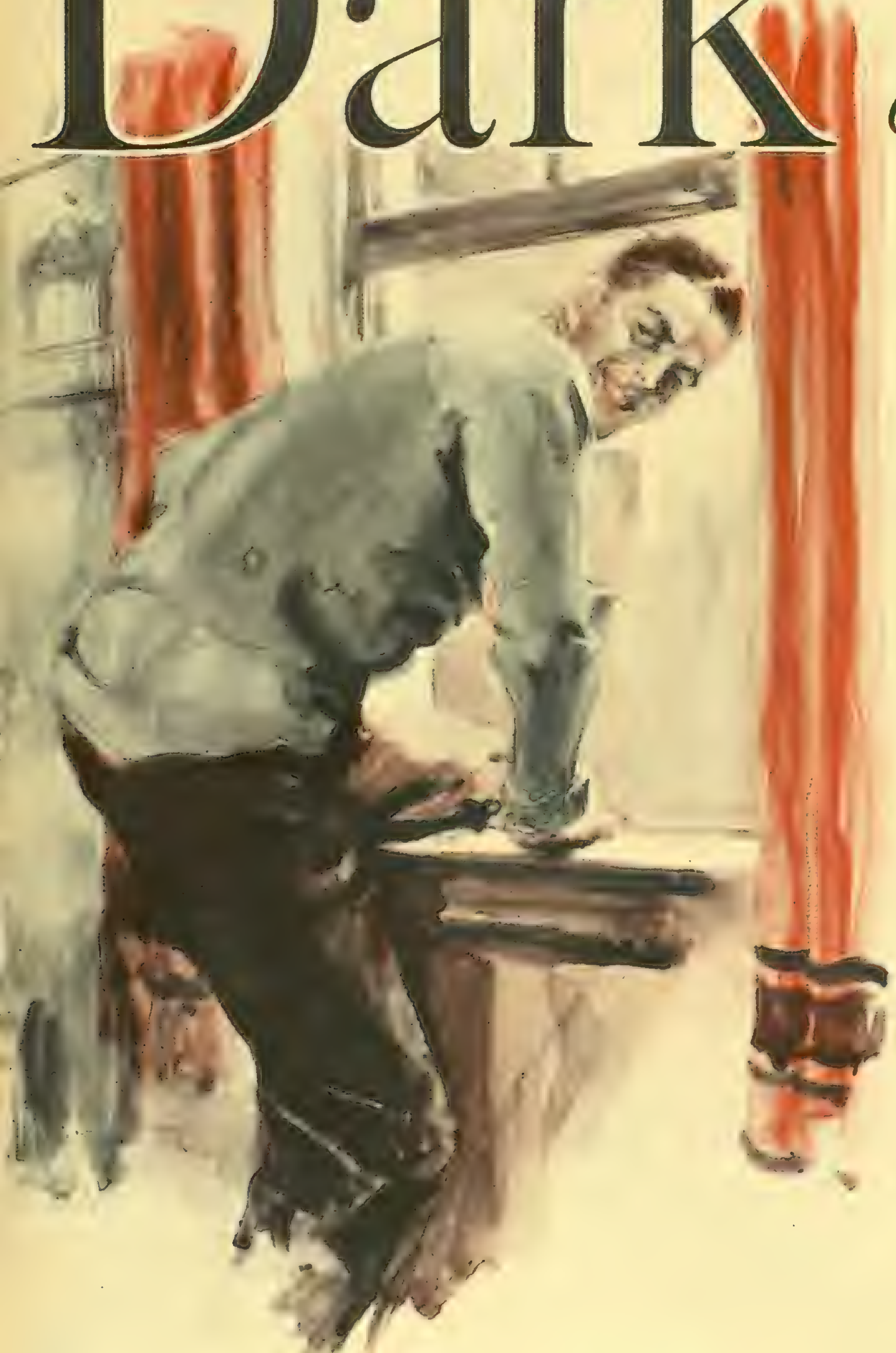
Dark

A Midnight Escape—At the Hide-out—Former Cellmates—Luise Is Arrested

By

DASHIELL HAMMETT

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"Be seeing you," he said, and pushed up the window.

looked at Brazil. He was sitting low and lax on the seat beside her, one hand on the steering wheel, the other holding a cigarette on his knee. His sallow face was placid and there was no weariness in it. His eyes were steady on the road ahead.

"Have I slept long?" she asked.

He smiled at her. "An hour this time. Feel better?" He raised the hand holding the cigarette to switch off the headlights.

"Yes." She sat up a little, yawning. "Will we be much longer?"

"An hour or so." He put a hand in his pocket and offered her cigarettes.

She took one and leaned forward to use the electric lighter in the dashboard. "What will you do?" she asked when the cigarette was burning.

"Hide out till I see what's what."

She glanced sidewise at his placid face, said: "You too feel better."

He grinned somewhat shamefacedly. "I lost my head back there, all right."

She patted the back of his hand once gently, and they rode in silence for a while. Then she asked: "We are going to those friends of whom you spoke?"

"Yes."

A dark coupé with two uniformed policemen in it came toward them, went past. The woman looked sharply at Brazil. His face was expressionless.

She touched his hand again, approvingly.

"I'm all right outdoors," he explained. "It's walls that get me."

She screwed her head around to look back. The policemen's car had passed out of sight.

Brazil said: "They didn't mean anything." He lowered the window on his side and dropped his cigarette out. Air blew in fresh and damp. "Want to stop for coffee?"

"Had we better?"

AN automobile overtook them, crowded them to the edge of the road in passing, and quickly shot ahead. It was a black sedan traveling at the rate of sixty-five or more miles an hour. There were four men in it, one of whom looked back at Brazil's car.

Brazil said: "Maybe it'd be safer to get under cover as soon as we can; but if you're hungry—"

"No; I too think we should hurry."

The black sedan disappeared around a bend in the road.

"If the police should find you, would"—she hesitated—"would you fight?"

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "That's what's the matter with me. I never know ahead of time what I'd do." He lost some of his gloominess. "There's no use worrying. I'll be all right."

They rode through a crossroads settlement of a dozen houses, bumped over railroad tracks, and turned into a long straight stretch of road paralleling the tracks. Halfway down the level stretch, the sedan that had passed them was stationary on the edge of the road. A policeman stood beside it—between it and his motorcycle—and stolidly wrote on a leaf of a small book while the man at the sedan's wheel talked and gestured excitedly.

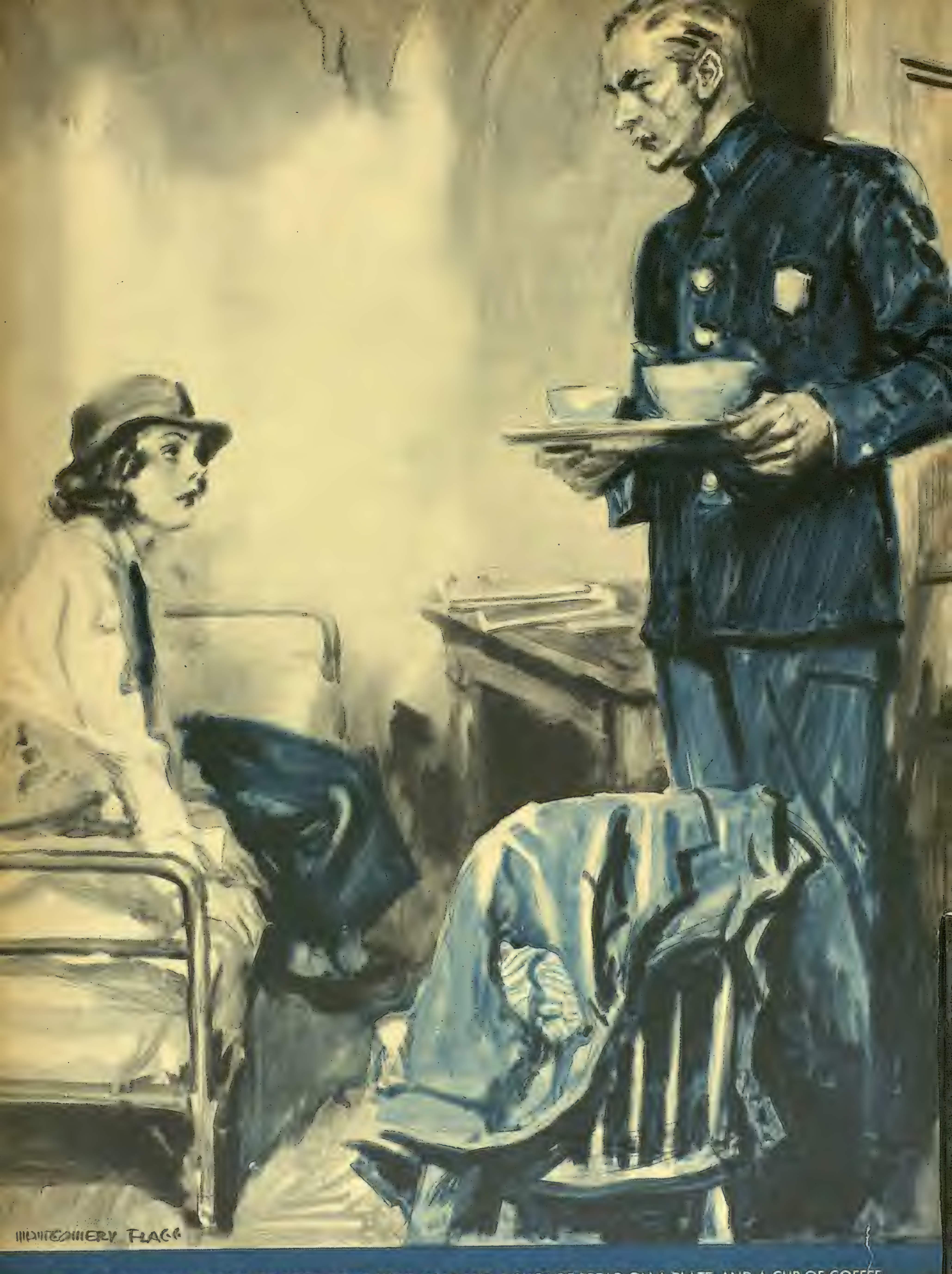
Luise Fischer blew breath out and said: "Well, they were not police."

Brazil grinned.

Neither of them spoke again until they were riding down a suburban street. Then she said: "They—your friends—will not dislike our coming to them like this?"

"No," he replied carelessly; "they've been through things themselves."

The houses along the suburban street became cheaper and meaner, and presently they were in a shabby city street where grimy buildings with cards saying "Flats to


MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HE RETURNED WITH A BOWL OF SOUP, SOME COLD MEAT AND A SLICE OF BREAD ON A PLATE, AND A CUP OF COFFEE

Let" in their windows stood among equally grimy factories and warehouses. The street into which Brazil after a little while steered the car was only slightly less dingy and the rental signs were almost as many.

He stopped the car in front of a four-story red brick building with broken brownstone steps. "This is it," he said, opening the door.

She sat looking at the building's unlovely face until he came around and opened the door on her side. Her face was inscrutable. Three dirty children stopped playing with the skeleton of an umbrella to stare at her as she went with him up the broken steps.

The street door opened when he turned the knob, letting them into a stuffy hallway where a dim light illuminated stained wall paper of a once vivid design, ragged carpet, and a worn brass-bound staircase.

"Next floor," he said, and went up the stairs behind her.

Facing the head of the stairs was a door shiny with new paint of a brown peculiarly unlike any known wood. Brazil went to this door and pushed the bell button four times—long, short, long, short. The bell rang noisily just inside the door.

After a moment of silence vague rustling noises came through the door, followed by a cautious masculine voice: "Who's there?"

Brazil put his head close to the door and kept his voice low: "Brazil."

The fastenings of the door rattled and it was opened by a small wiry blond man of about forty in crumpled green cotton pyjamas. His feet were bare. His hollow-cheeked and sharp-featured face wore a cordial smile and his voice was cordial. "Come in, kid," he said. "Come in." His small pale eyes appraised Luise Fischer from head to foot while he was stepping back to make way for them.

Brazil put a hand on the woman's arm and urged her forward saying: "Miss Fischer, this is Mr. Link."

Link said, "Pleased to meet you," and shut the door behind them.

Luise Fischer bowed.

Link slapped Brazil on the shoulder. "I'm glad to see you, kid. We were wondering what had happened to you. Come on in."

He led them into a living room that needed airing. There were articles of clothing lying around, sheets of newspaper here and there, a few not quite empty glasses and coffeecups, and a great many cigarette stubs. Link took a vest off a chair, threw it across the back of another, and said: "Take off your things and set down, Miss Fischer."

A very blonde full-bodied woman in her late twenties said, "My God, look who's here!" from the doorway and ran to Brazil with wide arms, hugging him violently, kissing him on the mouth. She had on a pink wrapper over a pink silk nightgown and green mules decorated with yellow feathers.

BRAZIL said, "Hello, Fan," and put his arms around her. Then, turning to Luise Fischer, who had taken off her coat: "Fan, this is Miss Fischer. Mrs. Link."

Fan went to Luise Fischer with her hand out. "Glad to know you," she said, shaking hands warmly. "You look tired, both of you. Sit down and I'll get you some breakfast, and maybe Donny'll get you a drink after he covers up his nakedness."

Luise Fischer said, "You are very kind," and sat down.

Link said, "Sure, sure," and went out.

Fan asked: "Been up all night?"

"Yes," Brazil said. "Driving most of it." He sat down on the sofa.

She looked sharply at him. "Anything the matter you'd just as lief tell me about?"

He nodded. "That's what we came for."

Link, in bath robe and slippers now, came in with a bottle of whisky and some glasses.

Brazil said: "The thing is, I slapped a guy down last night and he didn't get up."

"Hurt bad?"

Brazil made a wry mouth. "Maybe dying."

Link whistled, said: "When you slap 'em, boy, they stay slapped."

"He cracked his head on the fireplace," Brazil explained. He scowled at Link.

Fan said: "Well, there's no sense of worrying about it now. The thing to do is get something in your stomachs and get some rest. Come on, Donny, pry yourself loose from some of that booze." She beamed on Luise Fischer. "You just sit still and I'll have some breakfast in no time at all." She hurried out of the room.

Link, pouring whisky, asked: "Anybody see it?"

Brazil nodded. "Uh-huh—the wrong people." He sighed wearily. "I want to hide out a while, Donny, till I see how it's coming out."

"This dump's yours," Link said. He carried glasses of whisky to Luise Fischer and Brazil. He looked at the woman whenever she was not looking at him.

Brazil emptied his glass with a gulp.

Luise Fischer sipped and coughed.

"Want a chaser?" Link asked.

"No, I thank you," she said. "This is very good. I caught a little cold from the rain." She held the glass in her hand, but did not drink again.

Brazil said: "I left my car out front. I ought to bury it."

"I'll take care of that, kid," Link promised.

"And I'll want somebody to see what's happening up Mile Valley way."

LINK wagged his head up and down. "Harry Klaus is the mouthpiece for you. I'll phone him."

"And we both want some clothes."

Luise Fischer spoke: "First I must sell these rings."

Link's pale eyes glistened. He moistened his lips and said: "I know the—"

"That can wait a day," Brazil said. "They're not hot, Donny. You don't have to fence them."

Donny seemed disappointed.

The woman said: "But I have no money for clothes until—"

Brazil said: "We've got enough for that."

Donny, watching the woman, addressed Brazil: "And you know I can always dig up some for you, kid."

"Thanks. We'll see." Brazil held out his empty glass, and when it had been filled said: "Hide the car, Donny."

"Sure." The blond man went to the telephone in an alcove and called a number.

Brazil emptied his glass. "Tired?" he asked.

She rose, went over to him, took the whisky glass out of his hand and put it on the table with her own, which was still almost full.

He chuckled, asked: "Had enough trouble with drunks last night?"

"Yes," she replied, not smiling, and returned to her chair.

Donny was speaking into the telephone: "Hello, Duke? . . . Listen; this is Donny. There's a ride standing outside my joint." He described Brazil's coupé. "Will you stash it for me? . . . Yes. . . . Better switch the plates too. . . . Yes, right away, will you? . . . Right." He hung up the receiver, turned back to the others saying:

"Voily!"

"Donny!" Fan called from elsewhere in the flat.

"Coming!" He went out.

Brazil leaned toward Luise Fischer and spoke in a low voice: "Don't give him the rings."

She stared at him in surprise. "But why?"

"He'll gyp you to hell and gone."

"You mean he will cheat me?"

He nodded, grinning.

"But you say he is your friend. You are trusting him now."

"He's O. K. on a deal like this," he assured her. "He'd never turn anybody up. But dough's different. Anyhow, even if he didn't trim you, anybody he sold them to would think they were stolen and wouldn't give half of what they're worth."

"Then he is a—" She hesitated.

"A crook. We were cellmates a while."

She frowned and said: "I do not like this."

Fan came to the door, smiling, saying: "Breakfast is served."

In the passageway Brazil turned and took a tentative step toward the front door, but checked himself when he caught Luise Fischer's eye, and, grinning a bit sheepishly, followed her and the blonde woman into the dining room.

Fan would not sit down with them. "I can't eat this early," she told Luise Fischer. "I'll get you a hot bath ready and fix your bed, because I know you're all in and'll be ready to fall over as soon as you're done."

She went out, paying no attention to Luise Fischer's polite remonstrances.

Donny stuck a fork into a small sausage and said: "Now, about them rings. I can—"

"That can wait," Brazil said. "We've got enough to go on a while."

"Maybe; but it's just as well to have a get-away stake ready in case you need it all of a sudden." Donny put the sausage into his mouth. "And you can't have too big a one."

He chewed vigorously. "Now, for instance, you take the case of Shuffling Ben Devlin. You remember Ben? He was in the carpenter shop. Remember? The big guy with the gam?"

"I remember," Brazil replied without enthusiasm.

Donny stabbed another sausage. "Well, Ben was in a place called Finehaven once and—"

"He was in a place called the pen when we knew him," Brazil said.

"Sure; that's what I'm telling you. It was all on account of Ben thought—"

Fan came in. "Everything's ready whenever you are," she told Luise Fischer.

Luise Fischer put down her coffee cup and rose. "It is a lovely breakfast," she said, "but I am too tired to eat much."

As she left the room Donny was beginning again: "It was all on account of—"

Fan took her to a room in the rear of the flat where there was a wide wooden bed with smooth white covers turned down. A white nightgown and a red wrapper lay on the bed. On the floor there was a pair of slippers. The blonde woman halted at the door and gestured with one pink hand. "If there's anything else you need, just sing out. The bathroom's just across the hall and I turned the water on."

"Thank you," Luise Fischer said; "you are very kind. I am imposing on you most—"

FAN patted her shoulder. "No friend of Brazil's can ever impose on me, darling. Now you get your bath and a good sleep, and if there's anything you want, yell." She went out and shut the door.

Luise Fischer, standing just inside the door, looked slowly, carefully around the cheaply furnished room, and then, going to the side of the bed, began to take off her clothes. When she had finished she put on the red wrapper and the slippers and, carrying the nightgown over her arm, crossed the hallway to the bathroom. The bathroom was warm with steam. She ran cold water into the tub while she took the bandages off her knee and ankle.

After she had bathed she found fresh bandages in the cabinet over the basin, and rewrapped her knee but not her ankle. Then she put on nightgown, wrapper, and slippers, and returned to the bedroom. Brazil was there, standing with his back to her, looking out a window.

He did not turn around. Smoke from his cigarette drifted back past his head.

She shut the door slowly, leaning against it, the faintest of contemptuous smiles curving her mobile lips.

He did not move.

She went slowly to the bed and sat on the side farthest from him. She did not look at him but at a picture of a horse on the wall. Her face was proud and cold. She said: "I am what I am, but I pay my debts." This time the deliberate calmness of her voice was insolence. "I brought this trouble to you. Well, now if you can find any use for me—" She shrugged.

He turned from the window without haste. His copperish eyes, his face were expressionless. He said: "O. K." He rubbed the fire of his cigarette out in an ash tray on the dressing table and came around the bed to her.

She stood up straight and tall awaiting him.

He stood close to her for a moment, looking at her with eyes that weighed her beauty as impersonally as if she had been inanimate. Then he pushed her head back rudely and kissed her.

She made neither sound nor movement of her own, submitting completely to his caress, and when he released her and stepped back her face was as unaffected, as masklike, as his.

He shook his head slowly. "No, you're no good at your job." And suddenly his eyes were burning and he had her in his arms and she was clinging to him and laughing softly in her throat while he kissed her mouth and cheeks and eyes and forehead.

Donny opened the door and came in. He leered knowingly at them as they stepped apart, and said: "I just phoned Klaus. He'll be over as soon's he's had breakfast."

"O. K.," Brazil said.

Donny, still leering, withdrew, shutting the door.

"Who is this Klaus?" Luise Fischer asked.

"Lawyer," Brazil replied absent-mindedly. He was scowling thoughtfully at the floor. "I guess he's our best bet, though I've heard things about him that—" He broke off impatiently. "When you're in a jam you have to take your chances." His scowl deepened. "And the best you can expect is the worst of it."

She took his hand and said earnestly: "Let us go away from here. I do not like these people. I do not trust them."

HIS face cleared and he put an arm around her again, but abruptly turned his attention to the door when a bell rang beyond it.

There was a pause; then Donny's guarded voice could be heard asking: "Who is it?"

The answer could not be heard.

Donny's voice, raised a little: "Who?"

Nothing was heard for a short while after that. The silence was broken by the creaking of a floor board just outside the bedroom door. The door was opened by Donny. His pinched face was a caricature of alertness. "Bulls," he whispered. "Take the window." He was swollen with importance.

Brazil's face jerked around to Luise Fischer.

"Go!" she cried, pushing him toward the window. "I will be all right."

"Sure," Donny said; "me and Fan'll take care of her. Beat it, kid, and slip us the word when you can. Got enough dough?"

"Uh-huh." Brazil was kissing Luise Fischer.

"Go, go!" she gasped.

His sallow face was phlegmatic. He was laconic. "Be seeing you," he said, and pushed up the window. His foot was over the sill by the time the window was completely raised. His other foot followed the first immediately, and, turning on his chest, he lowered himself, grinning cheerfully at Luise Fischer for an instant before he dropped out of sight.

She ran to the window and looked down. He was rising from among weeds in the unkempt back yard. His head turned swiftly from right to left. Moving with a swiftness that seemed mere unhesitancy, he went to the left-hand fence, up it, and over into the next dooryard.

Donny took her arm and pulled her from the window. "Stay away from there. You'll tip his mitt. He's all right, though Christ help the copper he runs into—if they're close."

Something heavy was pounding on the flat's front door. A heavy authoritative voice came through: "Open up!"

Donny sneered in the general direction of the front door. "I guess I better let 'em in or they'll be making toothpicks of my front gate." He seemed to be enjoying the situation.

She stared at him with blank eyes.

He looked at her, looked at the floor and at her again, and said defensively: "Look—I love the guy. I love him!"

The pounding on the front door became louder.

"I guess I better," Donny said, and went out.

Through the open window came the sound of a shot. She ran to the window and, hands on sill, leaned far out.

Fifty feet to the left, on the top of a long fence that divided the long row of back yards from the alley behind, Brazil was poised, crouching. As Luise Fischer looked, another shot sounded and Brazil fell down out of sight into the alley behind the fence. She caught her breath with a sob.

The pounding on the flat's front door suddenly stopped. She drew her head in through the window. She took her hands from the sill. Her face was an automaton's. She pulled the window down without seeming conscious of what she was doing, and was standing in the center of the room looking critically at her finger nails when a tired-faced huge man in wrinkled clothes appeared in the doorway.

He asked: "Where's he at?"

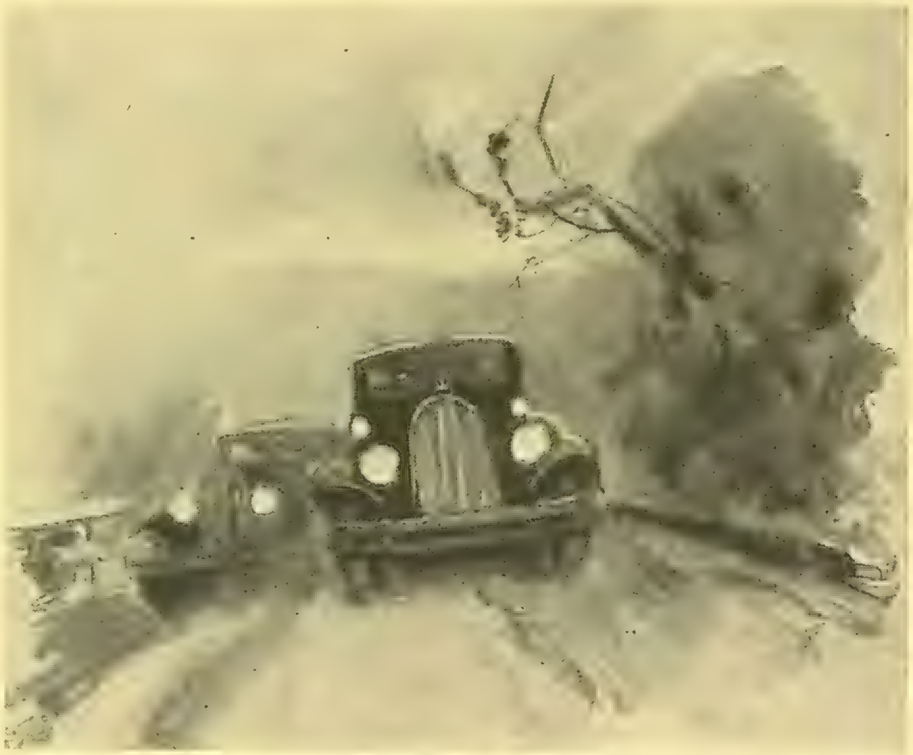
She looked up at him from her finger nails as she had looked at her finger nails. "Who?"

He sighed wearily. "Brazil." He went to a closet door, opened it. "You the Fischer woman?" He shut the door and moved toward the window, looking around the room, not at her, with little apparent interest.

"I am Luise Fischer," she said to his back.

He raised the window and leaned out. "How's it, Tom?" he called to someone below. Whatever answer he received was inaudible in the room.

Luise Fischer put attentiveness off her face as he turned to her. "I ain't had breakfast yet," he said.



An automobile overtook them, crowded them to the edge of the road in passing, and quickly shot ahead.

Donny's voice came through the doorway from another part of the flat: "I tell you I don't know where he's gone to. He just dropped the dame here and high-tailed. He didn't tell me nothing. He—"

A metallic voice said "I bet you!" disagreeably. There was the sound of a blow.

Donny's voice: "If I did know I wouldn't tell you, you big crum! Now sock me again."

The metallic voice: "If that's what you want." There was the sound of another blow.

Fan's voice, shrill with anger, screamed, "Stop that, you—" and ceased abruptly.

The huge man went to the bedroom door and called toward the front of the flat: "Never mind, Ray." He addressed Luise Fischer: "Get some clothes on."

"Why?" she asked coolly.

"They want you back in Mile Valley."

"For what?" She did not seem to think it was true.

"I don't know," he grumbled impatiently. "This ain't my job. We're just picking you up for them. Something about some rings that belonged to a guy's mother and disappeared from the house the same time you did."

SHE held up her hands and stared at the rings. "But they didn't. He bought them for me in Paris and—"

The huge man scowled wearily. "Well, don't argue with me about it. It's none of my business. Where was this fellow Brazil meaning to go when he left here?"

"I do not know." She took a step forward, holding out her hand in an appealing gesture. "Is he—"

"Nobody ever does," he complained, ignoring the question he had interrupted. "Get your clothes on." He held a hand out to her. "Better let me take care of the junk."

She hesitated, then slipped the rings from her fingers and dropped them into his hand.

"Shake it up," he said. "I ain't had breakfast yet." He went out and shut the door.

She dressed hurriedly in the clothes she had taken off a short while before, though she did not again put on the one stocking she had worn down from Brazil's house. When she had finished, she went quietly, with a backward glance at the closed door, to the window, and began slowly, cautiously to raise the sash.

The tired-faced huge man opened the door. "Good thing I was peeping through the keyhole," he said patiently. "Now come on."

Fan came into the room behind him. Her face was very pink; her voice was shrill. "What're you picking on her for?" she demanded. "She didn't do anything. Why don't you—"

"Stop it, stop it," the huge man begged. His weariness seemed to have become almost unbearable. "I'm only a copper told to bring her in on a larceny charge. I got nothing to do with it, don't know anything about it."

"It is all right, Mrs. Link," Luise Fischer said with dignity. "It will be all right."

"But you can't go like that," Fan protested, and turned to the huge man. "You got to let her put on some decent clothes."

HE sighed and nodded. "Anything, if you'll only hurry it up and stop arguing with me."

Fan hurried out.

Luise Fischer addressed the huge man: "He too is charged with larceny?"

He sighed. "Maybe one thing, maybe another," he said spiritlessly.

She said: "He has done nothing."

"Well, I haven't neither," he complained.

Fan came in with some clothes, a blue suit and hat, dark slippers, stockings, and a white blouse.

"Just keep the door open," the huge man said. He went out of the room and stood leaning against an opposite wall, where he could see the windows in the bedroom.

Luise Fischer changed her clothes, with Fan's assistance, in a corner of the room where they were hidden from him.

"Did they catch him?" Fan whispered.

"I do not know."

"I don't think they did."

"I hope they did not."

Fan was kneeling in front of Luise Fischer, putting on her stockings. "Don't let them make you talk till you've seen Harry Klaus," she whispered rapidly. "You tell them he's your lawyer and you got to see him first. We'll send him down and he'll get you out all right." She looked up abruptly. "You didn't cop them, did you?"

"Steal the rings?" Luise Fischer asked in surprise.

"I didn't think so," the blonde woman said. "So you won't have to—"

The huge man's weary voice came to them: "Come on—cut out the barbering and get into the duds."

Fan said: "Go take a run at yourself."

Luise Fischer carried her borrowed hat to the looking-glass and put it on; then, smoothing down the suit, looked at her reflection. The clothes did not fit her so badly as might have been expected.

Fan said: "You look swell."

The man outside the door said: "Come on."

Luise Fischer turned to Fan. "Good-by and I—"

The blonde woman put her arms around her. "There's nothing to say and you'll be back here in a couple of hours. Harry'll show those saps they can't put anything like this over on you."

The huge man said: "Come on."

Luise Fischer joined him and they went toward the front of the flat.

As they passed the living-room door Donny, rising from the sofa, called cheerfully: "Don't let them worry you, baby. We'll—"

A tall man in brown put a hand over Donny's face and pushed him back on the sofa.

Luise Fischer and the huge man went out. A police-department automobile was standing in front of the house where Brazil had left his coupé. A dozen or more adults and children were standing around it, solemnly watching the door through which she came.

A uniformed policeman pushed some of them aside to make passageway for her and her companion and got into the car behind them. "Let her go, Tom," he called to the chauffeur, and they drove off.

The huge man shut his eyes and groaned softly. "God, I'm *schwach!*"

They rode seven blocks and halted in front of a square red brick building on a corner. The huge man helped her out of the automobile and took her between two large frosted globes into the building and into a room where a bald fat man in uniform sat behind a high desk.

The huge man said: "It's that Luise Fischer for Mile Valley." He took a hand from a pocket and tossed her rings on the desk. "That's the stuff, I guess."

The bald man said: "Nice picking. Get the guy?"

"Hospital, I guess."

Luise Fischer turned to him: "Was he—was he badly hurt?"

The huge man grumbled: "I don't know about it. Can't I guess?"

The bald man called: "Luke!"

A thin white-mustached policeman came in.

The fat man said: "Put her in the royal suite."

Luise Fischer said: "I wish to see my lawyer."

The three men looked unblinkingly at her.

"His name is Harry Klaus," she said. "I wish to see him."

Luke said: "Come back this way."

SHE followed him down a bare corridor to the far end, where he opened a door and stood aside for her to go through. The room into which the door opened was a small one furnished with cot, table, two chairs, and some magazines. The window was large, fitted with a heavy wire grating.

In the center of the room she turned to say again: "I wish to see my lawyer."

The white-mustached man shut the door and she could hear him locking it.

Two hours later he returned with a bowl of soup, some cold meat and a slice of bread on a plate, and a cup of coffee.

She had been lying on the cot, staring at the ceiling. She rose and faced him imperiously. "I wish to see—"

"Don't start that again," he said irritably. "We got nothing to do with you. Tell it to them Mile Valley fellows when they come for you."

He put the food on the table and left the room. She ate everything he had brought her.

It was late afternoon when the door opened again. "There you are," the white-mustached man said, and stood aside to let his companions enter. There were two of them, men of medium height, in dull clothes, one thick-chested and florid, the other less heavy, older.

The thick-chested florid one looked Luise Fischer up and down and grinned admiringly at her. The other said: "We want you to come back to the Valley with us, Miss Fischer." She rose from her chair and began to put on her hat and coat.

"That's it," the older of the two said approvingly. "Don't give us no trouble and we won't give you none."

She looked curiously at him.

THEY went to the street and got into a dusty blue sedan. The thick-chested man drove. Luise Fischer sat behind him, beside the older man. They retraced the route she and Brazil had taken that morning.

Once, before they left the city, she had said: "I wish to see my lawyer. His name is Harry Klaus."

The man beside her was chewing gum. He made noises with his lips, then told her politely enough:

"We can't stop now."

The man at the wheel spoke before she could reply. He did not turn his head. "How come Brazil socked him?"

Luise said quickly: "It was not his fault. He was—"

The older man, addressing the man at the wheel, interrupted her: "Let it alone, Pete. Let the D. A. do his own work."

Pete said: "Oke."

The woman turned to the man beside her. "Was—was Brazil hurt?"

He studied her face for a long moment, then nodded slightly. "Stopped a slug, I hear."

Her eyes widened. "He was shot?"

He nodded again.

She put both hands on his forearm. "How badly?"

He shook his head. "I don't know."

Her fingers dug into his arm. "Did they arrest him?"

"I can't tell you, miss. Maybe the District Attorney wouldn't like me to." He smacked his lips over his gum-chewing.

"But please!" she insisted. "I must know."

He shook his head again. "We ain't worrying you with a lot of questions. Don't be worrying us."

What happened to Brazil after his escape from Donny Link's, and to Luise Fischer under arrest by the Mile Valley police, will be told in next week's concluding installment.

Next Week—

BEGINNING

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S

GREATEST STORY

SCARLET WOMAN

A GRIPPING NOVEL OF A GIRL'S MISTAKE

"If We Lose Our Figures . . We Lose Our Jobs"

say Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou

Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on location between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps movie stars to "keep fit without fat"

EXCESS weight can cost a star popularity—and even a job! For almost every contract sets a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

That's why screen favorites know what foods build energy—give nourishment—without adding a fraction to the silhouette.

No heavy lunches!

At lunch time especially, you'll find few stars eating a heavy, fattening meal. They need *energy* to pull them through the afternoon. And they get it from a light, nourishing lunch—the famous "Hollywood Lunch."

Look at the picture above. It was snapped on location as Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou took time out for lunch between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

Notice they're eating, not a heavy meal, but the "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk.*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim—and keep fit, too — forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

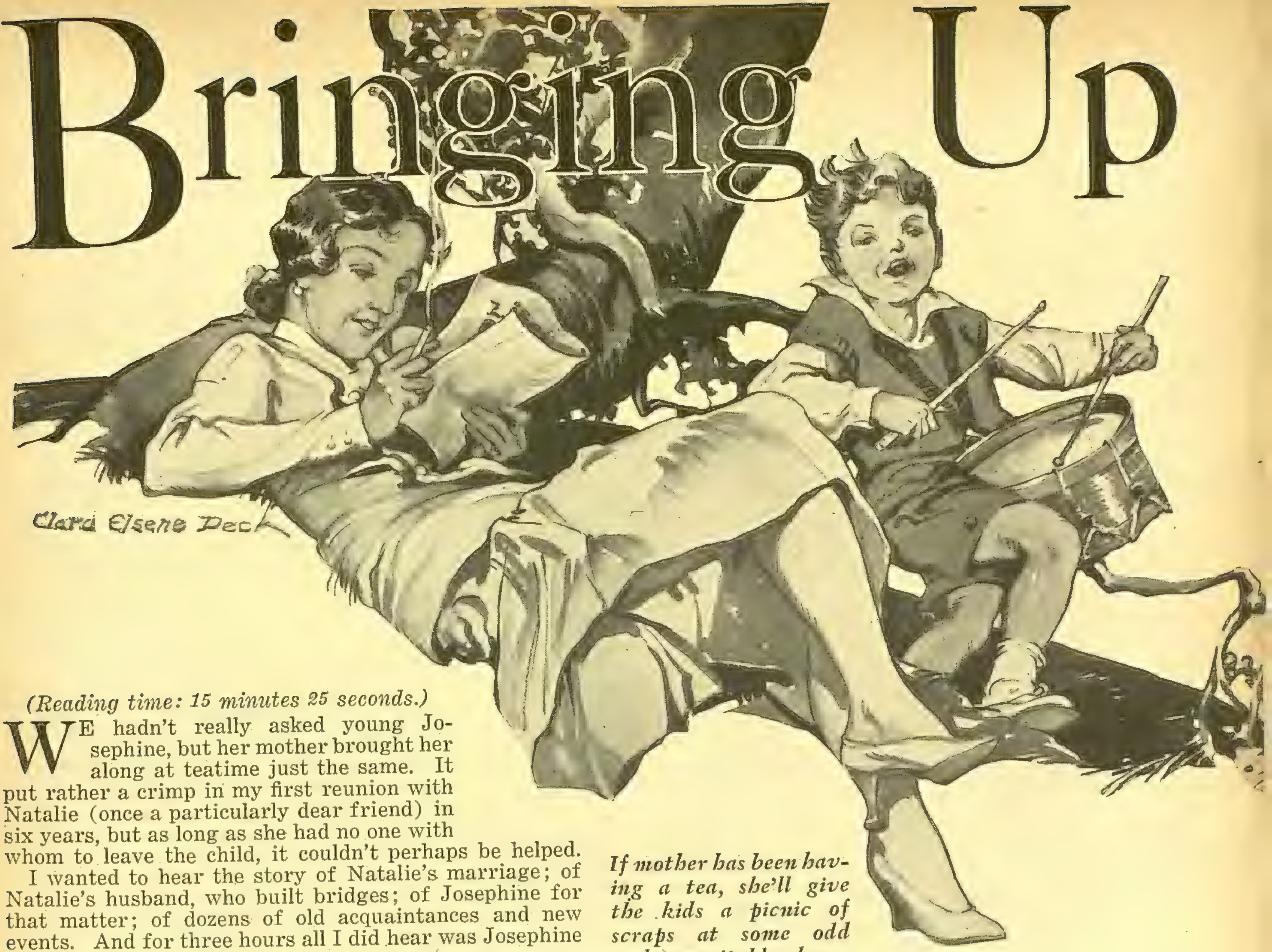
Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT *Borden's Richer Malted Milk* DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

Bringing Up



If mother has been having a tea, she'll give the kids a picnic of scraps at some odd and unsuitable hour.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 25 seconds.)

WE hadn't really asked young Josephine, but her mother brought her along at teatime just the same. It put rather a crimp in my first reunion with Natalie (once a particularly dear friend) in six years, but as long as she had no one with whom to leave the child, it couldn't perhaps be helped.

I wanted to hear the story of Natalie's marriage; of Natalie's husband, who built bridges; of Josephine for that matter; of dozens of old acquaintances and new events. And for three hours all I did hear was Josephine herself.

She screamed and cried and interrupted conversation. She invented games and demanded (Natalie acceding) that we play them for her while she looked on. She whined if ignored or forgotten for a moment—an eternal grating "Mamma—mamma!" horribly reminiscent of my first French doll, but rising to a throaty crescendo: "MAMMA!" no doll could reach.

And all she got in return was: "Couldn't baby be quiet for just a moment while momma— Oh, all right!" . . . "Now is that momma's sweet, good little girl?— Oh, *hush,* Josephine, *please!* Here, take it!" . . . "Wouldn't baby like to sit over here and— Sorry, Dian, we'll have to play. She works herself up so if anyone refuses."

Years ago, in similar circumstances, Natalie or I would have been deposited calmly on the bedroom floor, with some old spools and a picture book, and have entertained ourselves happily the whole afternoon. But Josephine's upbringing differs from that.

Climax came with the arrival of tea and my grandmother's lovely Rockingham cups. Josephine snatched one off the tray and refused to return it. Good manners battled fear for my cherished possession. I looked to Natalie. After all, it was *her* child, and hadn't that same grandmother always preached that the guest, even uninvited, was sacred? Bang! came the cup against the fortunately thick-pile carpet. I grabbed for Josephine.

"Dian! *Please!*" a helpless wail from Natalie.

"Then why"—removing the whole tray to safe distance—"don't you forbid her?"

"Oh, but you mustn't. The book says you must never forbid a child anything—just *reason* with it. Otherwise you may start dangerous inhibitions."

With difficulty I restrained myself from starting a particularly large inhibition there and then!

That was a few years ago, and recently Natalie's husband (who builds bridges) left her. Nor, I must confess, do I particularly blame him. There are two children now, a son and heir, younger than Josie, and they're both being trained the same lovely way! If children and father (who was home very little, after all) started to talk simultaneously at the dinner table, it was father who had to shut up. Junior got listened to—because "it was important his budding personality should be developed." (Don't laugh too loud—this is commoner than you might suspect!) If children and father had divergent ideas for spending Sunday afternoon, it was father who resigned. Josephine got her way—because "children have their individual rights that must be respected, just as much as adults' are."

Poppycock!

Right here in America we have the (physically) loveliest, healthiest, sturdiest children in the world. And if they were handing out prizes for the worst training, the most unpardonable ruining of promising material anywhere, we'd get those too. All of 'em!

I firmly believe modern American parents get more grief and less pleasure out of their children than any other parents in the world. And if they do, it's their own fault. They deserve no sympathy.

Show me one problem child and I'll show you two darn' fool parents. Upbringing? Education? It seems to me we're in danger of forgetting what those words mean. We let our unfortunate youngsters grow with no discipline, no self-control, not an idea of manners, and no real education in a wide sense. And then we wonder that we're afflicted with an inconsiderate, underbred generation of little savages!

Too many American mothers are amateur psychoanalysts—than which there are few things more dangerous

AMERICA

By DIANA BOURBON

In Which the Indulgent Parents of Today Are Told Some Unpleasant Truths About Their Offspring and the Art of Living in General

Picture by CLARA ELSENE PECK

on this earth! They prate of complexes and fixations and they know not what, with a book on scientific child-raising in one hand and a nerve tonic in the other. The most resolutely scientific young mother I know—which is saying something—has the worst pests. Twins of so diabolical an ingenuity and lack of discipline that they are rapidly destroying all possibility of an intellectual life for their parents as completely as they have already destroyed their social one. Few people visit that house twice—unless sure the twins are in bed. Fewer invite father or mother out; the twins are apt to be brought along, or follow of their own accord.

It occasionally happens that the twins are deposited with me for a week-end, while a once charming and intelligent young couple depart with a sigh of relief in search of peace, rest, and companionship away from home! Then the neighborhood is treated to the spectacle of two well behaved youngsters promenading down our street, voices subdued to merely conversational level, hands clean, eyes unblacked. It may (and does) observe the phenomenon of the twins coming immediately when called, and going immediately when sent; appearing punctually at mealtime, eating what is set before them, and remaining in bed when put. But of course I learned my psychology from King Solomon, and their mother doesn't approve of it a bit.

All right! Let everybody spoil their children if they want to ruin their own lives. But what right have they to make public nuisances of them—or, for that matter, to ruin *their* lives? The children's, I mean.

One great difficulty, it seems to me, about combining children and upbringing in America is the servantless home. In Europe people of even the smallest means are apt to have a nurse. Result: the children see far less of their parents, like them better when they do, and retain those illusions so necessary to a wholesome respect. Here, nurses, after the first months, are an impossibility except for the *really* well-to-do. We have to face the fact that our children, being forever underfoot, are going to get on our nerves, and also take us far less seriously than, for their own benefit, they should. How much more important, then, for us than for other people, to have that definite, separate nursery that is an inevitable accompaniment of having children anywhere else in the world!

Nursery manners, nursery parties, nursery discipline, nursery games! It wasn't till I came back to America this last time that I realized what a dead letter that word "nursery" has become over here. Home after home I've been into—some of them as old-fashioned and consequently large and roomy as you could wish—but I've found no definite room set aside for the children's daylight hours. For them to play in, make messes in—and, above all, keep out of their elders' way in! That's so important when you have to look after them yourself. And so much more than important to the child. Is there anything more poisonous living than the youngster who's always hanging around his elders, finding out things he oughtn't to know, and listening to scraps of conversations he oughtn't to overhear?

AND here's a funny thing. While we in America allow our children far more license than they would get anywhere else, let them spoil our own lives in a way that wouldn't be tolerated even in France (the second worst upbringing spot for the young on this highly populated globe), lots of us decline to make quite necessary sacrifices of our own habits or convenience for the sake of our children's elementary needs.

How many American families do you know whose children are taken for a daily regular walk? That would be a nuisance to mother or father—who only use their legs for getting in and out of the car. A fast daily walk would do them as much good as it would their children. But a walk? The mere idea is grotesque in this country.

Instead, the children are allowed to play on the streets, or ride up and down in the apartment-house elevator.

And if you knew the amazement and disgust this procedure evokes, even among *servants,* abroad where quite rich Americans will let their children run similarly wild all over the hotels, you'd be astonished.

Absolute regularity, an unshakable routine, and really immense formality about its processes, are indispensable for the welfare of the very young—and are almost entirely absent from our scheme of things today. If mother has just been having a bridge tea, she'll think nothing of giving the kids a scratch picnic of the scraps at some odd and unsuitable hour, consoling herself with the thought that Molly and Joe enjoy it better than they do their regular meals. Of course they do! They also enjoy green apples, eighteen bottles of soda pop, and whipped cream—until—

In other countries discipline is of the strongest. One piece of back chat similar to that commonly accepted by the American parent would net a child a richly deserved thrashing and early bed. Children are kept severely in the background, and thrive on it. The old adage about being "seen and not heard" still holds. *Yet parents feel a deep sense of obligation toward the offspring they have begotten* and don't try to fit them into their own scheme of life. They make a new scheme of life to fit them!

DIANA BOURBON

the author of this article, is a New Yorker by birth but was reared and educated in London and Paris. She began her career on the New York stage, turned to writing, and at one time edited a woman's magazine in London.

Physically their youngsters are not a patch on ours. But thought is being taken for the development of their *minds* as well as muscles. They are learning—through obedience to intelligent control, in place of our hysterical jitterings after every psychological novelty with a long name—that self-control and disciplined habit of mind that alone can give any human being happiness (*happiness,* not just money, not just newspaper clippings, dyspepsia, and Success).

Not that the blame for our shortcomings in discipline rests altogether with the parent or the home. Our whole educational system is at fault. I know several children, perfectly brought up at home, whose mothers must fight one long, losing battle against the things they learn—and unlearn—at school. "*Why* must I? None of the other boys do." "We don't have to go through all that tommyrot at school. This isn't the Spanish court, you know." "Well, *you* may call it manners—I call it boloney." "Why must I put on clean pants and a tie for dinner? We don't have to wear them in school." "What's the good of Latin? Dead languages! What's the good of music and literature? You can't get a job with them!"

No. Poor, wretched children we've cheated out of half your heritage! You *can't* use them to get a job. But you can furnish your life with them. Your life and your mind—if you have any mind left after the thing we call an education nowadays!

I'VE talked to high-school graduates—for the matter of that, to more than a few *university* graduates—who were far from being the dubs of their classes, and equally far from being remarkably stupid in the outside world. They missed the significance of the simplest classical allusion in the books they read. After studying French for four to ten years, they hadn't learned how to pronounce the first letter of the French alphabet. If you mentioned the names of any of the world's great writers, painters, composers, statesmen, they were lost after the first two or three.

There they were, going out after a long and expensive educational period, to face the rest of their lives without any adequate cultural background whatever!

They knew about the Œdipus complex (of course! Aren't we moderns?), but not why it's called that, or who Œdipus was. They were a little shaky about the identity of Cervantes—but remembered the name of every all-American footballer for the past few years.

Well, even that's all right! Youngsters aren't terribly keen on learning things in any part of the world—and *background* is something you acquire, pretty much, through your pores! The trouble is that they were one and all two-hundred-per-cent conceited and self-satisfied the way they were. And that's hopeless. Irredeemable and hopeless. They not only knew they were all right; they were a whole lot better than anybody else you might care to name!

It has remained for us in America to evolve an educational system capable of turning out individuals as spoiled as that. Other systems may fail to make the stupid intelligent. But they do put the stamp of taste and appreciation on all. The man capable only of running a two-by-four real estate business doesn't step out sneering at his mental superior. Mediocrity isn't elevated to the rank of an almighty god.

I have seen sophomore-year students at a great Western American university behave in a public theater as a Billingsgate fish porter would blush to do in London. Why? Because no one had ever bothered to make common politeness and decency of behavior a *tradition* of that university. I have seen them jeer vulgarly at the defeated, and crow over their own success.

Another university has a rule—ethically fine—enforced by the student body itself, governing what clothes the freshman may wear. Certain-type trousers, a certain-type coat or sweater, no hat—*and no tie.* The principle is good. No one man shall be able to make a display that might embarrass his less well-to-do college mates. And everyone, even the poorest, can afford the workman's outfit insisted upon. Excellent! But—why the untidiness, the incivility of that tieless open neck? (In a university, mind, not a mechanic's shop.)

EVERYONE dipping down to the lowest level available, instead of pulling up to the highest! A trifle? Admitted! But it's precisely because we ignore thousands of similar trifles that our American upbringing is becoming such a travesty.

Two of our really distinguished American authors have a beautiful ranch out West, where they delight in entertaining the young people who are their own and their children's friends. One rule limits their almost boundless hospitality. No one must bother to be mannerly while there. What you want you must grab. What you want to do you must declare for—right out. (No deplorable subtleties of finding out what the others might like to do first.) *And,* most important, after leaving, you must on no account bother to write a letter of thanks. If you do that, you will never be asked again.

"Why?" I demanded on first hearing of this. "One might *want* to write. Anybody who'd had a perfectly marvelous time would surely want to say so." Oh, but the authors wished everybody to be perfectly natural—to behave as if they were at home; not put on any company airs.

I thought that over, pondering deeply. Why, when two Americans wanted to be particularly charming, should they assume it would come more natural to their guests to be rude and inconsiderate than to be polite? But that was over two years ago. After two years' intensive experience of the younger generation we're raising in these United States, I concede them the point. The assumption is right. Only—is it anything to be so almighty proud of that we should encourage it? Make it easier than it already is?

Our education of girls is bad enough, heaven knows. But our education of boys is a thousand times worse. I vow if I had a son, I'd die sooner than send him through an American school.

To begin with, coeducation is a ghastly mistake sexually. Worse for boys even than for girls, because (naturally, and if left to themselves) boys age more slowly. From twelve to twenty-one the average boy is far younger than the girl of the same years. Thrust together at the most formative and the most inquisitive period of their existence, neither can help being unnaturally stimulated and aware of the other at every hour of the day. At a time when all their attention should be on their work, or on their games, our boys are thinking about girls, and our girls are thinking about boys. Precociously. Certain types do a lot of thinking at the same age in other countries. But it's along more limited lines. Less profoundly disturbing because easier to get away from. And *not* universal.

Another thing. Boys should not, at any time after nine or ten, be under the tuition of women. A mother's influence, aided by familiarity with, and care of, sisters and little friends, and courtesy to women neighbors, is enough. A boy's actual training and *education* should be in the hands of men.

And as for college—do you think I'd want *my* boy taught by a tricky football coach and a whole university's habit of thought that sharp practice and "beating the rules" were not only all right but an admirable means of winning a game? Not much! *My* boy would learn two things at home that I'd expect him to have dinned into him all his school life as well. One—that the game is the thing! Not *winning* it, but *playing* it—straight and honorably and for all it's worth. Success isn't everything; it's how you get it that counts and *the kind of man or woman it makes of you!*—and will require you to go on being as long as it's yours!

The second thing would be simply the full, figurative meaning of that old phrase "*Noblesse oblige.*"

If they taught *that* in our schools and universities I think we'd be a finer nation today, and our children would have an infinitely greater chance of decency and happiness than they'll get from Freud and all his works.

You get out of life, in the final analysis, precisely what you put into it. Not what you dig for.

Some day we, as a nation, will realize that. And it'll be the dawn of a great renaissance in Western civilization.

Meanwhile there's just one hope! Liberty wouldn't possibly let me print the words I think—but when this blank, blank, blank, blankety-blank generation we're raising now grows up and has children in its turn, a strange saving reaction will go into operation. *They're going to be too fundamentally spoiled and selfish to stand from their own offspring one tithe of what we put up with from them!* In other words, the next generation but one is going to be the most disciplined, controlled, and mannerly since the Victorians—bar none.

Nature has a pleasant (if not always individually just) way of preserving her own equilibrium.

All *I* say is, why wait that long—and leave it all to her?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the distance around the United States proper?

2—Is Glacier Park larger than Yellowstone Park?

3—What is the width of the Amazon River at its mouth?

4—What and where is the highest lake in the Western Hemisphere?

5—How long is the Great Wall of China?

6—Does Canada have a navy?

7—Who is the vice president of France?

8—Who was the first King of England?

9—What is a tub-thumper?

10—What is a titmouse?

11—When was the Bank of England founded?

12—Which country is the world's largest producer of silver?

13—What is a Cossack post?

14—What part of America was first discovered by Europeans?

15—What are the so-called precious stones?

16—What are the second and third largest cities in England?

17—What is pumice?

18—What bird uses its wings to swim?

19—What three English novelists were sisters?

20—What is a penicil?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

QUESTION—What is a newly recognized reason for lack of appetite in children? *(See page 37 for answer.)*

Worried mothers too often pamper the child who won't eat . . . .

why not correct his trouble instead?

Like so many children, he may be suffering from a lack of the essential factor which creates an appetite—Vitamin B!

Too little Vitamin B may cause many disorders in children, of which poor appetite is just the first. It may make them irritable and high strung.

But not if mothers take the precaution of giving them an *extra* amount of Vitamin B every day! With *Squibb Chocolate flavored Vitavose,* a delicious food drink, it is easy to see that they get enough.

Three heaping teaspoonfuls in one glass of milk supply as much of the appetite-stimulating factor as a *whole quart* of milk. Chocolate flavored Vitavose also supplies iron for the blood and other minerals which help to build children up.

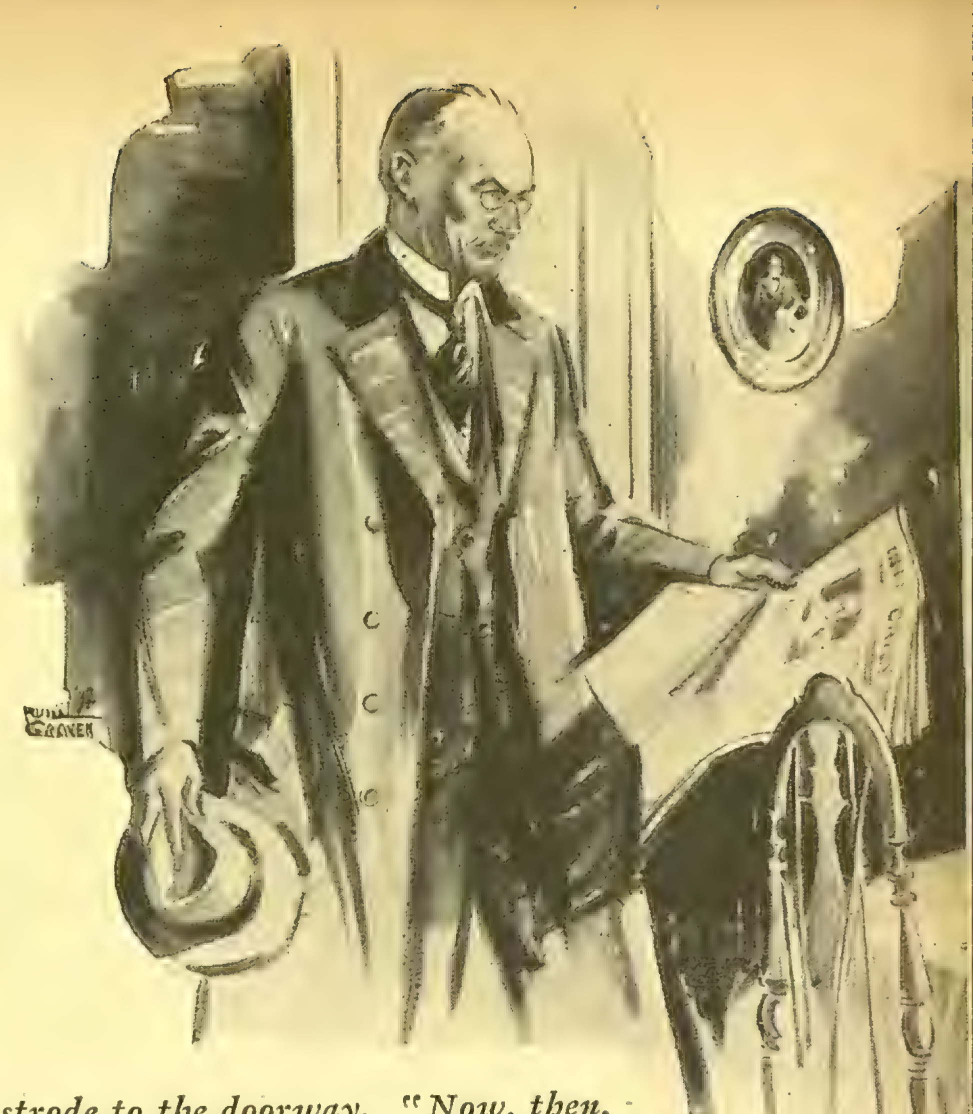
Let your child benefit at once from this extra nourishment. Give him Chocolate flavored Vitavose at mealtime or after school *every day.* At any good drug store.

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE *flavored* VITAVOSE

A delicious appetite-building drink for the child who won't eat

COME, JUST TWO MORE SPOONFULS!

Dawn Comes to Darry



He strode to the doorway. "Now, then, Carroll, you're just the man I want to see."

(Reading time: 21 minutes 15 seconds.)

PROFESSOR DARIUS MASON gave his lectures on political science to a class of ninety students. He was a stiff, gray little man, whose collars, by their altitude, testified that he had received his degree from the university toward the end of the nineteenth century.

Irrationally, the students liked, admired, and even feared him. Without a single gesture of authority, mounting the platform diffidently, he was able to establish order in the most rowdy section. If a student flunked in political science, he wasted no time pleading for a second chance. With Mason he knew that he had had a fair run for his money, and he accepted the verdict with as much fortitude as his character allowed.

Ordinarily the afternoon lecture ended at five minutes to three. One of the things that students liked in Mason was that he never attempted to stretch it to four or three minutes to three.

One day the low murmur from the platform, slumberous as the buzzing of bees, stopped at ten minutes to three, and Mason began what was evidently an announcement outside the regular lines of the course. He had all their attention, even that of Johnny Carroll, editor in chief of the Daily, who depended on this hour for leisure in which to write his editorial.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "I have something to say which I feel may be of special interest to a class in political science. At the request of certain elements in the town in which this university is situated, I have consented to place my name before the electorate as a candidate for mayor, in opposition to the present incumbent, Mr. Benjamin Cziras. That is all."

He bowed and, turning, walked off the platform and through the green door that led to his private office.

There was a burst of applause as he left, some of it ironic, most of it sincere. There was an age-old feud between the town authorities and the university. Johnny Carroll crumpled the editorial he had written and started for the professor's door. This was big news. He rapped on the doorframe, and the professor's voice bade him enter.

"Professor," he said, "I just want to say that the Daily is in back of you and will support you to the limit."

Mason tapped his pencil on the desk. "That's very kind of you, Carroll, and I appreciate it. I was going to ask your help."

Carroll sat down and pulled out a notebook. "We'll want a statement from you, sir, something snappy, that we can run in a box on the front page."

A thick manuscript lay on Mason's desk. He now took it up and handed it to the student. "Here is a statement I have prepared, setting forth the fundamental grievances of our side, and what we propose in the way of remedies."

There were at least fifteen thousand words in the statement. Carroll riffled the pages and saw imposing lists of comparative statistics. "This is fine, sir, fine," he murmured. "We can certainly use this, and I think you've absolutely got the right dope, but the people want to get closer to their candidates. They want to know them, live with them, cry with them, laugh with them—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean," Carroll amended, slightly confused, "that you can't neglect the old human interest. We've got to put you over with a bang, so when you go down the street they say: 'H'ya, Darry! How's the old boy?'"

Professor Mason stiffened. "I intend to make this a thoroughly dignified appeal to the voters of the township. If we are to prove anything by my entrance into the public arena, it must be that the voters are capable of responding to a reasoned argument from the facts."

"ABSOLUTELY," Carroll agreed anxiously. "That's just what we want. But can't I give them a few personal notes? Wasn't your grandfather a senator from this state?"

"I have no objection," the professor admitted, "to an outline of the part my family has played in the affairs of this state." Carroll had touched him upon a sensitive spot, and he expanded on the family history.

"That's great, professor," said Carroll. "Now we'll want a photograph."

"I happen to have one here." Mason passed over a cabinet photograph.

"We want to get the jump on the town paper," said Carroll. "It comes out only twice a week, and I want to cover the whole town with your publicity before the opposition has a chance. We've got to work fast. It's only two weeks to Election Day."

"Thank you, Carroll."

"If you don't mind, professor—" Carroll hesitated and then took the plunge. "Would you mind telling Chris that I might be a little late tonight with all this work?"

"Do you mean my daughter?"

"Yes, sir, Christine."

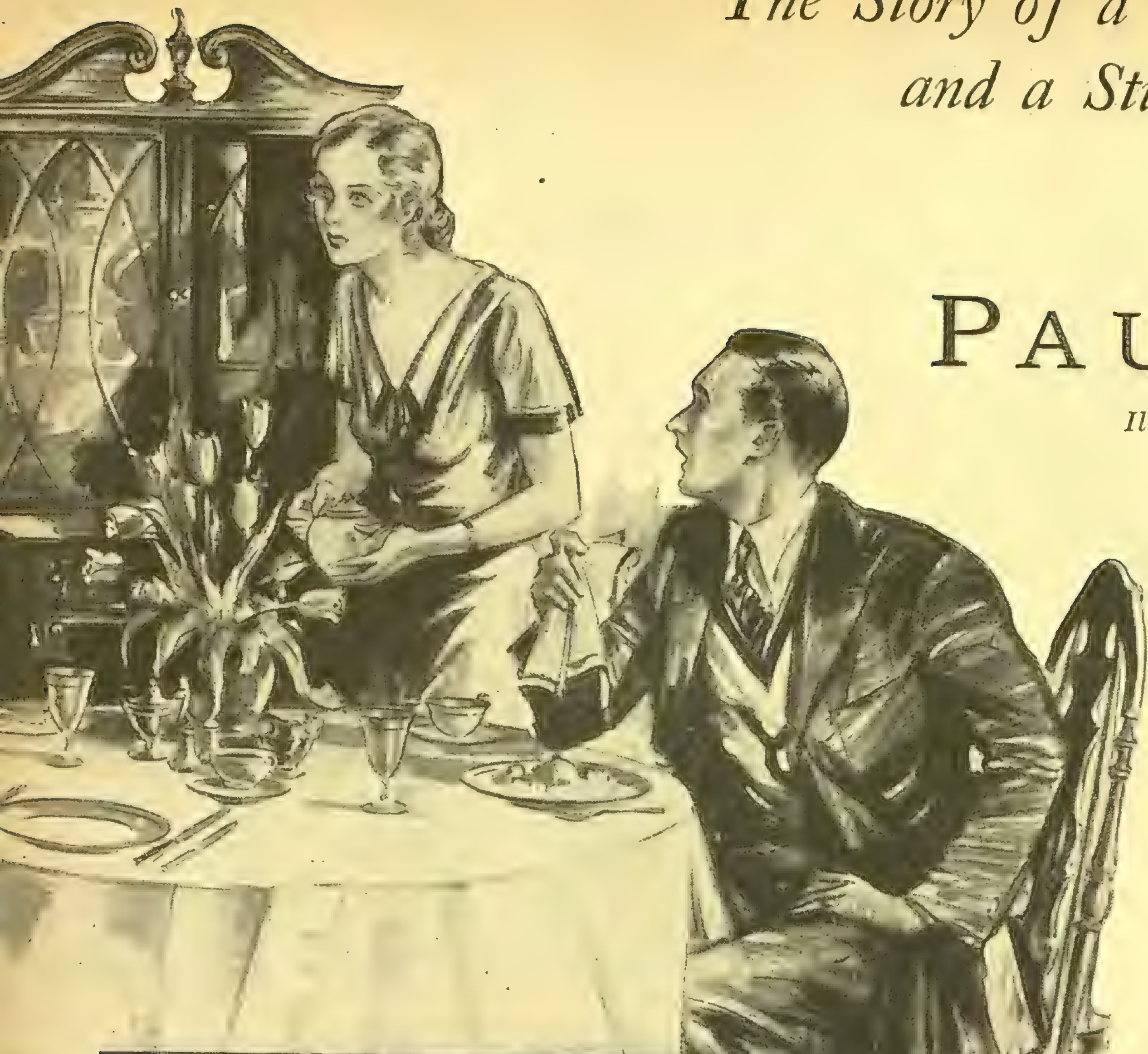
"Very well, Carroll, I'll tell her."

The Story of a Professor in Politics and a Student in Love

By

PAUL JONES

Illustrations by WILL GRAVEN



The interview was over and Carroll departed, his mind bulging with great plans. . . .

"Christine," the professor said to his daughter next morning at breakfast, "I don't want to be disturbed this morning. I have a lot of work to do."

"Yes, father." She ran his household for him, and she was accustomed to such commands. "I'm so glad you're running for mayor on the reform ticket, instead of that old sap Blodgett."

"Please do not call Mr. Blodgett a sap," Mason remarked, finishing his coffee and getting up. "You don't understand these things. Fortunately you are not old enough to vote."

"But I am!" He looked at her incredulously. "I was twenty-one last month. Are you lunching at the club?"

"I am. Remember, no telephone calls."

He spent the rest of the morning in his study, preparing another long statement, in which he went back to the Middle Ages.

At one he dressed carefully, choosing a statesmanlike tie, and walked to the Faculty Club for luncheon.

He was seated in his accustomed place between Vanderbeck of history and Seraphim of French. As he ordered his lunch from the steward he realized that everyone was eying him, but the sensation was not unpleasant.

Seraphim considered himself a great wit. "How is Sandy?" he asked with a wicked grin.

"Sandy?" Mason unfolded his napkin and smiled unsuspectingly.

"Yes, your pal Sandy, that little Airedale."

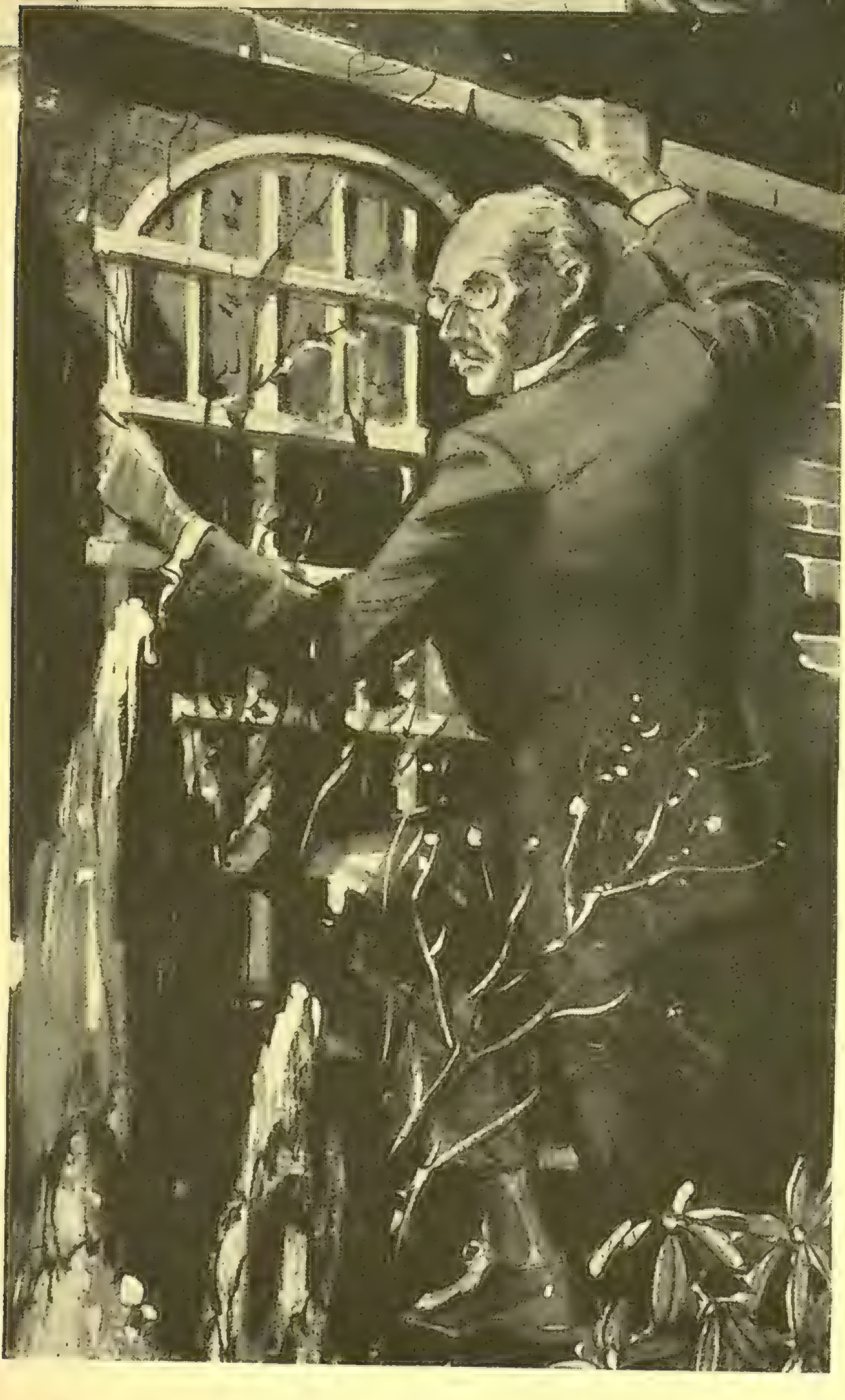
"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about, Seraphim," said Mason with dignity. He demanded the bread.

"I hope, Mason," Vanderbeck remarked, "that when you go to the White House you won't forget your old friends."

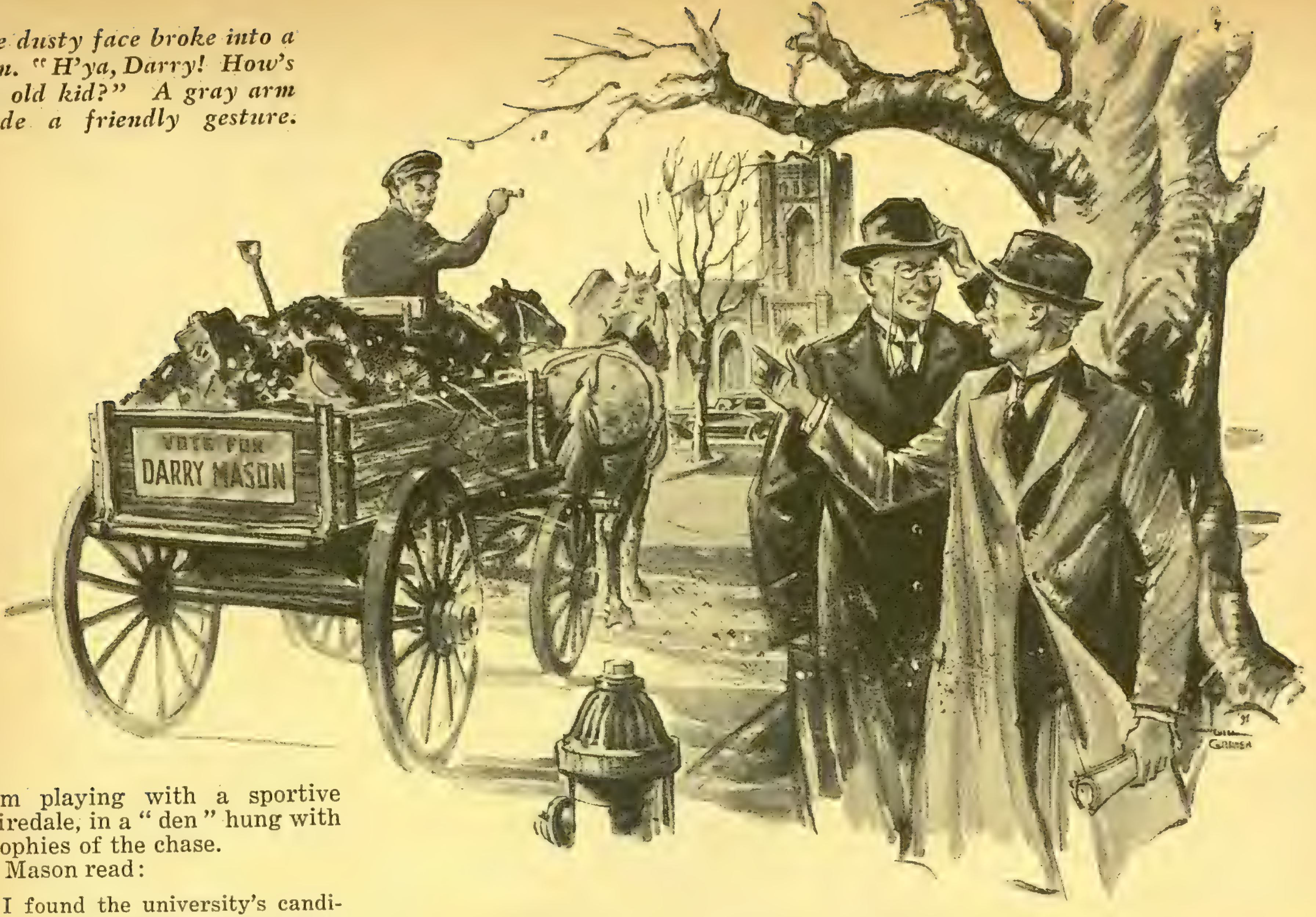
All down the table necks were craned to see how he was taking it. He felt a horrid secret all around him. Sweat pearled on his forehead. "What the devil are you talking about?" he cried.

Seraphim took a folded Daily from his pocket. "There," he said. "For shame, Mason! I did not think it of you."

Mason opened the paper with trembling hands. A three-column block contained his portrait, the one he had given Carroll. Only Carroll had reproduced only the head, and had had some artist draw in a fanciful scene in ink, showing



A lattice made a safe ladder. He ran to the end of the yard and began to climb the trellis.



The dusty face broke into a grin. "H'ya, Darry! How's the old kid?" A gray arm made a friendly gesture.

him playing with a sportive Airedale, in a " den " hung with trophies of the chase.

Mason read:

> I found the university's candidate, Darry Mason, at home with his books, romping with Sandy, his favorite Airedale . . .

The candidate read a description of an imaginary house, where he and the reporter had wandered on a mythical spring afternoon. They talked fishing and hunting; they paused to drop a tear at the tomb of Ragsy, Sandy's mother; and then—Mason read this with a growing sense of horror:

> In parting, I ventured a last question: " Dr. Mason, your many friends will want me to tell them, and I hope you won't mind—"
>
> " Fire away," said Darry, patting Sandy's curly head.
>
> " Will you consider your political career ended with one term as mayor? Some say that you have your eye on the Senate."
>
> " My name is Mason," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, " and that name is not unknown in Washington, I believe."
>
> " What about the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue? " your interviewer went on to ask.
>
> His face grew sober. " The greatest responsibility that can come to any human being," he said, " is one not lightly to be sought. But if the call should come—"

" Good Lord! " he cried in a passion. " You know me, Vanderbeck. You know me, Seraphim. I never had a dog in my life. I can't bear them. I don't know one end of a fishing rod from another, and as for ever uttering such infernal drivel as that, I'll be damned if—"

He dashed his napkin to the floor and escaped to the cloakroom, where the telephone was.

" Get me the Daily office."

After a pause a youthful voice said: " Daily office."

" I want to speak to Carroll."

" He's out."

Mason slammed the receiver back on the hook, seized his hat, and went out into the street.

At the first corner he ran squarely into Dr. Applegate, the president.

" Roger," said Mason earnestly, " I trust that you do not believe that I had anything to do with that article in this morning's Daily."

" I didn't think you had," the president assured him.

" It's that whippersnapper Carroll. It's a despicable affair."

Applegate considered. " Oh, now, Darius, I wouldn't say that. I thought it was useful publicity, and essentially harmless. It ought to bring you some votes."

" But what sort of votes? " Darius bristled.

" They all count," said the president sententiously. He was about to add a little more homely wisdom when a vast cloud of ashy dust descended on them. An ash cart, drawn by two gaunt nags, rounded the corner. High on the heap of refuse sat a man in tattered clothes, sucking at a broken pipe.

The dusty face broke into a grin and the pipe was removed. " H'ya, Darry! How's the old kid? " A gray arm, covered with a raveled sweater, made a friendly gesture.

" How are you? " Mason waved in return. It was a stiff and awkward motion, but the ash collector was pleased. " 'At'sa stuff! " he called out, receding into the distance. " Give 'em hell."

Mason was purple under the president's scrutiny. " I couldn't do anything but wave back," he murmured defensively.

" If you hadn't, I'd have kicked you," said Applegate. " There's a vote."

" I didn't do it to get his vote," Mason said fiercely. " Good day, Roger."

WHEN he reached his house, Mason opened the front door and paused in the vestibule. From the dining room came a sound of low voices. He heard Christine laugh. From a position near the stairs he reconnoitered.

He strode to the doorway. " Now, then, Carroll, you're just the man I want to see."

Carroll stood up, nonplused. " Sir? "

" Sit down, father, and pick at a little of this chicken." Christine was calm. " I thought you were going to eat at the club."

" So I should have, if this young jackanapes had not made me the laughingstock of the campus."

A recruit who has hit a home run and is then fined fifty dollars might have the same expression as Carroll displayed. " I don't understand you, sir. If you're referring to this morning's article, I can tell you it attracted a lot of attention. We could have sold ten editions of it."

"I dare say you could, but that is not the sort of attention that I seek. You made me sound like a fool."

"No, sir, I didn't," Carroll objected. "The article was a little colored up, but you've got to do that, sir. What part do you mean? About the dog? Everybody likes a dog-lover. If it's the part about running for senator," Carroll continued, "maybe some day you will. How do you know? They'd rather vote for a man that's going somewhere than for a dumbbell like Ben Cziras."

"Enough," said Mason. "I don't want to hear any more. From now on, Carroll, no more human interest. You may print my serious statements but no more personal advertisement. Is that clear?"

"O. K., prof," the editor agreed hopelessly. "But, gee, I had some things figured out that would have knocked them off their seats. I was going to get hold of some Indians and fix it with them so they'd make you a member of the tribe—you know, like Hoover and Al Smith. We'd get some swell photographs and a lot of publicity." He paused. "You might even make the metropolitan papers, prof."

"Bah!" Mason shouted. "Who cares about the metropolitan papers? Understand me, Carroll. No more of these so-called personal interviews in your paper."

"All right, sir."

CHRISTINE'S color deepened. "I'll give you some stuff, Johnny. I'm going to organize a League of Women Voters to support father, and you can print all the articles about me that you want. How about this one? Our Candidate Seen Through the Eyes of His Daughter."

"Swell," said Johnny. "We'll have to get a snappier title—something with Daddy in it. Let me think."

"Carroll," said the professor, "I absolutely forbid you to do anything of the kind."

"Aw, prof."

"What about me?" Christine put in. "I'm a voter. I have a right to support my candidate. You'll have to print my articles, Johnny."

"How can I?"

"You'll have to print them," she said decisively, "or I won't—" She paused significantly. "You know."

Mason cleared his throat. "I warn you, Carroll, that if you print them I shall take the matter up with President Applegate and have your paper suspended."

Christine laughed. "Uncle Roger? I'd like to see him try it. He's my godfather, and, besides, I'm sure that this is a matter that doesn't concern him."

The student editor threw up his hands. "I don't know what to do!"

"It's perfectly clear," said Mason coldly. "Stop the interviews." He turned and went out of the room.

"Nothing of the sort," said Christine. "Come on, Johnny, we'll work out the first one." . . .

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BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER
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KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The situation continued unchanged for a week. Carroll appeared in Mason's class, and was treated with the same scrupulous impartiality as any other student. Meanwhile the human-interest articles went on, and Mason avoided the society of his colleagues. He found himself becoming famous in a small way, or, as he expressed it to himself, notorious.

The day came, two days before election, when Carroll appeared once more in Mason's office.

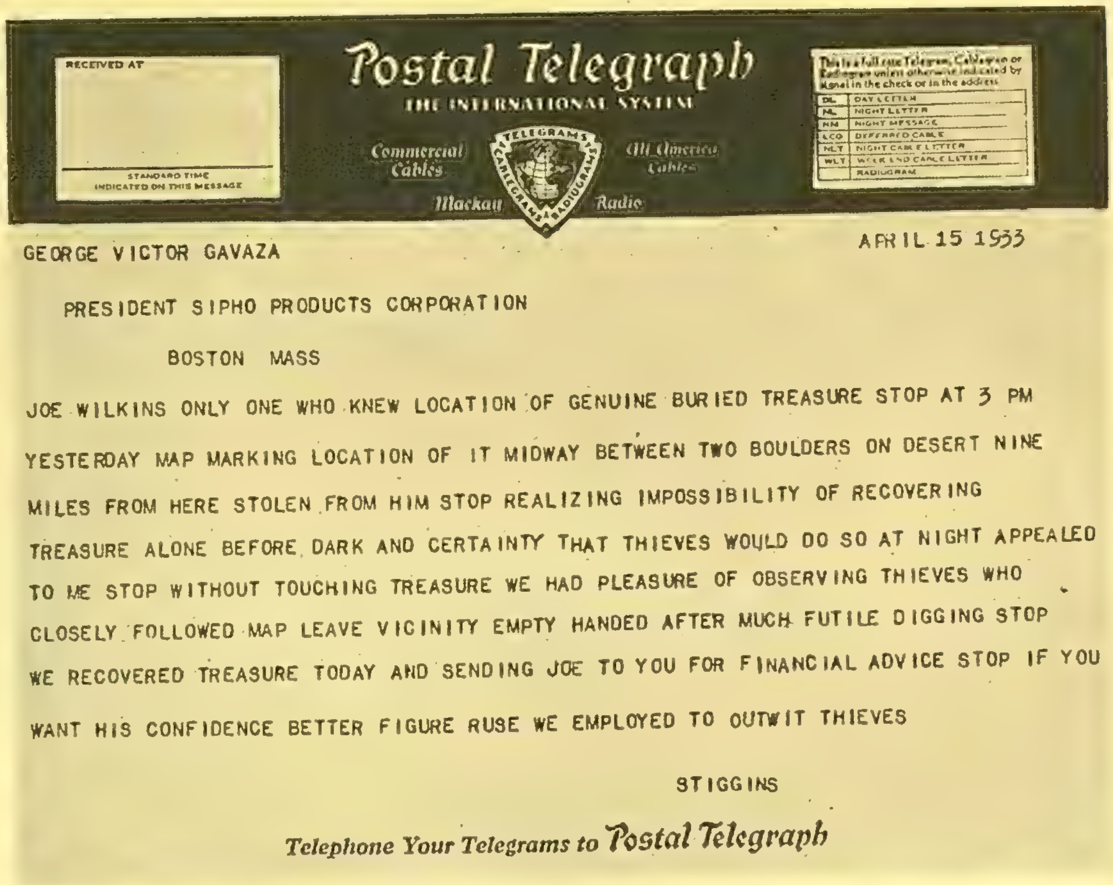
The professor's glasses shot forth twin beams of chilly light. "Well, sir? Have you come to say that you will withdraw the articles? It's rather late in the day for that."

"No, sir," said Carroll. "I have a message for you from the boss."

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley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JOE WILKINS ONLY ONE WHO KNEW LOCATION OF GENUINE BURIED TREASURE STOP AT 3 PM YESTERDAY MAP MARKING LOCATION OF IT MIDWAY BETWEEN TWO BOULDERS ON DESERT NINE MILES FROM HERE STOLEN FROM HIM STOP REALIZING IMPOSSIBILITY OF RECOVERING TREASURE ALONE BEFORE DARK AND CERTAINTY THAT THIEVES WOULD DO SO AT NIGHT APPEALED TO ME STOP WITHOUT TOUCHING TREASURE WE HAD PLEASURE OF OBSERVING THIEVES WHO CLOSELY FOLLOWED MAP LEAVE VICINITY EMPTY HANDED AFTER MUCH FUTILE DIGGING STOP WE RECOVERED TREASURE TODAY AND SENDING JOE TO YOU FOR FINANCIAL ADVICE STOP IF YOU WANT HIS CONFIDENCE BETTER FIGURE RUSE WE EMPLOYED TO OUTWIT THIEVES

STIGGINS

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

How Did Stiggins, without Touching It, Save Joe's Treasure?
The solution will appear next week.

"From the boss? You mean Sam Evans, the head of the organization?"

"Yes, sir. He wants to see you. He called up the Daily to see if I'd arrange an interview in his office."

Mason looked at the student suspiciously. "Why should he call you, Carroll? Is this some idea of yours? If the boss wishes to see me, he knows where he can find me."

The student shook his head. "No, sir, this isn't a gag. I imagine he doesn't want anyone to know about the interview. That's why he got hold of me first. If I were you, sir, I'd go. I've got a hunch he's getting scared."

"I don't need your advice," Mason remarked. "I had already decided to go when you spoke."

"Yes, sir. We'd better hurry up."

Mason reached for his hat. "We? What makes you think you're going?"

"It's always better to have a witness," said Carroll. "He's pretty foxy. Can't I go with you, sir? There won't be any publicity, I promise you."

"All right, come along."

They made the trip to the business block downtown in a neutral silence.

In Sam Evans' outer office, a stenographer smiled as they entered. "Good afternoon, Dr. Mason. The chief is waiting for you."

Carroll and the professor went solemnly into the office where the boss, at a roll-top desk, ruled over a county and exercised a full partnership in the government of the state. He was a brownish business man in a brown suit, perhaps a little more guileless than the average.

"Dr. Mason, I am delighted to see you. This is Mr. Carroll, I presume? Delighted, sir."

They shook hands all around, and the boss placed chairs for the conference.

"Quite a campaign you're making, doctor," the boss remarked. "I don't know when I've seen the reform party so full of life. I suppose this young man feels like Pulitzer or Dana."

"I believe," said Mason earnestly, "that the electorate of today is more intelligent than you people think."

Carroll grinned.

"You are certainly making an intelligent appeal, doctor," said the boss. "I can tell you that your articles have attracted attention in pretty high quarters. Only the other day the governor was talking about your masterly statement on taxation. That was the first of your articles, wasn't it? He asked me to send him the rest. I did so, and in return got this." He found, on his desk a broad parchment and offered it to Mason.

The professor looked at it and flushed. "Why—why—this is—"

"A commission appointing you to the governor's advisory committee on good government." The boss smiled. "That shows you what he thought of your articles. He's always on the lookout for distinguished men for his pet committee. No routine duties or fixed attendance is required. It will not interfere with your work at the university. Of course, the stipend is nominal—three thousand dollars a year."

"This is a very great honor indeed," said the professor. "I am deeply—"

"Not at all," said the boss genially. "You'll be doing the state a favor. When we see a good man, we reach out and grab him. Sign here, professor. This is your oath of office. I'll call in a notary to administer the oath."

Carroll awoke from a trance. "Let me see that, professor!"

He took the commission from Mason's hands. "Look here," he said to the boss, "can a member of this committee hold an elective office?"

"Naturally not. The committee is nonpartisan and nonpolitical."

"Suppose Professor Mason is elected after he's a member."

"The election would be invalid; but that's impossible. Dr. Mason has no chance of being elected."

"Very little, I fear," Mason agreed.

"Bunk!" said Carroll, standing up. He tossed the commission on the desk.

"They're scared and they want to get you out of the way. Come on, prof."

"I can scarcely believe—" Mason began.

"How about it, now? Come clean," said Carroll to the boss, who looked at him and then winked imperceptibly.

"Ridiculous," said the boss. "However, I can't force you to accept."

"Of course I refuse," said Mason. "I can't consider such a cynical procedure." Nevertheless, a born scholar, his eyes tore themselves with reluctance from the handsome parchment. "Good day, sir."

"Good day," said the boss politely, as they left. "Stop in and see me, young man, when you graduate."

. . . . .

Carroll put down the phone and turned to Christine and her father. It was the evening of Election Day. They were in the professor's living room, upstairs, and the latest returns were coming in. "You're a hundred and fifty votes behind, with two thousand uncounted," he announced. "It won't be long now. It's in the bag."

Mason raised his head despondently. He was nervous. "I hope you're wrong."

Christine was shocked. "You mean you don't want to be elected?"

"I don't know whether I do or not." The truth was, he reflected miserably, that he had entered on this campaign without any idea that he might be elected. "I don't like this publicity," he said violently.

"You'll get used to it," she assured him. "Don't be nervous. Johnny has something he wants to tell you. Haven't you, Johnny?"

"After a while," Johnny objected.

"Why not now?" she asked calmly. "Go ahead."

"It's this way, professor. What would you say if, after I graduated, I got a good job on a metropolitan newspaper? I've had an offer."

"Splendid!" said Mason heartily. "You might have a brilliant future. We'd miss you, though. Wouldn't we, Christine?"

"That's just the point," Christine explained. "Johnny and I would get married."

Outside, in the street, a band blared into action. At the same moment the phone rang again. Carroll jumped toward it. Mason was listening to the band with a hunted expression.

"DIDN'T you hear what I said, darling?" Christine asked.

"One vote ahead, and a thousand to go!" Carroll shouted from the phone. "You're in, prof!"

The professor groaned. "What's that band doing outside, Carroll?"

"It's a victory parade," the editor explained. "President Applegate and the students and a lot of citizens. They want you to make a speech."

"Hold them for a while," he said hastily. "I'll have to make a few notes."

A roar came from the street. "We want Mason!"

Mason escaped into his study and closed the door behind him. "I can't face that," he said to himself, and, passing rapidly through his study, went downstairs, through the hall, and into the back yard.

The end of his garden was closed off by a high brick wall, but against the wall a latticework made a safe ladder. He ran to the end of the yard and began to climb the trellis.

Just as he reached the top of the wall, Christine opened one of the windows and called to him: "Father, what on earth are you doing? Come back! Oh, Johnny, go get him!"

Professor Mason found himself balanced on the narrow coping of the wall. He squatted carefully, found a hold for each hand, and, turning his back to the little street on the far side of the wall, let himself swing free. An oath resounded from below, and Professor Mason found himself in the arms of a policeman.

"You would, would you? I've got you, my bucko!" Mason kicked out futilely. "Be easy, there. Let's have a look at you, you bold housebreaker. Don't make me use my club."

"Let me down, officer!"

THE policeman put him on his feet. "Glory be! It's Darry Mason himself!"

"It is," said Mason, "and I'd like to know what you mean by interfering with me."

"How was I to know? Sir, I couldn't recognize your Honor by the seat of your pants. I thought you were a sneak thief coming over the wall by stealth."

"Nonsense. If I choose to leave this way, I suppose I can."

The policeman saluted. "O. K., chief, but it'll make it hard for me. I'm assigned to guard you in case any of them anarchists or Rooshians should throw a bomb at you."

"You mean to tell me that if I choose to take a walk, I have to take you along?"

"I know," said the policeman sympathetically. "I can tell you, it's no fun for me. Go on back now, like a good man, and make your speech, if that's what you were running away from."

"It's intolerable."

Around the corner at the near end of the street Carroll came into view, running hard.

"They're waiting for you, prof," he panted. "You won by over two hundred votes! They're calling for a speech."

"Go on," said the policeman. "They gave you their votes. It's the least you can do."

Unwillingly Mason turned back with Carroll.

"You'll get used to it," said the student confidently. "Wait till we run you for Congress. We've got some stunts thought out already."

"We?"

"Christine and I. Didn't you hear her say we were going to get married?"

"You're not asking me, I suppose. You're telling me."

Carroll was slightly confused. "Well, sir, we can talk about that later! While we've got a minute, how about giving me a little statement that I can run on the first page?"

"Fix something up," said Mason largely. "Something with the old human interest in it."

THE END

SLEEP

•

SLEEP

•

SLEEP

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THIS SAFE, NEW WAY

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Religious, *Marriage,* *and* Indian

Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in The White Sister, wherein Helen remains true to her religious vows when Clark returns from the "dead" to claim her.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 29 seconds.)

ONCE again a "major studio" remakes a famous silent picture into a talkie, and thereby invites dangerous comparison with the original. In The White Sister Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has provided magnificent sets, superb cinematography and an all-star cast; yet, with everything in its favor, including added sound and dialogue, it is doubtful if this very gorgeous production will erase the exquisite memory of Lillian Gish's elusive charm, fragile beauty, and chaste spirituality in her character of the nun.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ The White Sister

CAST

Angela Chiaromonte, Helen Hayes; Giovanni Severi, Clark Gable; Prince Chiaromonte, Lewis Stone; Mina, Louise Closser Hale; Mother Superior, May Robson; Monsignor Saracinesca, Edward Arnold; Ernesto Traverso, Alan Edwards.

Directed by Victor Fleming.
Produced by M.-G.-M.

Young women "take the veil" for one of three reasons. They are programmed by the family; they feel a terrific spiritual urge; or, disappointed in love, they turn to the church as an anodyne. A favorite theme is that of the girl who enters a convent believing her sweetheart is dead, and then the fellow returns.

Helen Hayes' mother ran off with her lover and suicided. Lewis Stone, Helen's father and an Italian prince, is therefore determined that his daughter shall marry the rich, respectable, stupid Alan Edwards. Everything is arranged. But Helen meets Clark Gable, a fresh army lieutenant, during a street fête, and her fate is sealed. Love at first sight.

Her father is killed in an auto accident pursuing the lovers. Clark is ordered to the front, and is shot down behind the German lines. He is reported dead, and Helen takes the veil. But Clark returns after two years in a prison camp. He finds Helen a white sister. He tries to make her break her vows, but she holds out.

A beautiful picture that somehow failed to stir this reporter.

★ ★ Ex-Lady

CAST

Helen Bauer, Bette Davis; Don Peterson, Gene Raymond; Hugo Van Hugh, Frank McHugh; Nick Malvyn, Monroe Owsley; Iris Van Hugh, Claire Dodd; Peggy Smith, Kay Strozzi; Mr. Smith, Ferdinand Gottschalk; the Father, Alphonse Ethier; the Mother, Bodil Rosing.

Directed by Robert Florey.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

No big stars, no big punches, no glamour, yet an intensely interesting and well told story, and so refreshingly frank that its very daring theme is put over without vulgarity.

Bette Davis is a famous young illustrator in New York who loves Gene Raymond but does not believe in marriage. They live together in what the world calls sin. Gene begs her to become his wife. She finally consents. The usual jealousies develop, and they again decide each to live his own life. It sounds free and fine, but the unique situation develops even greater jealousies. In the end they come to the world's conclusion that while marriage is the bunk, it's the best arrangement yet invented.

Take Bette Davis apart and one wonders why she was ever chosen for stardom. She is thin, gawky, and without great beauty. Put her together again and she radiates a well bred dignity, poise, good sense, and charm of intellect, qualities utterly lacking in what is generally called

Rex, the Wild Stallion, is, naturally, a horse film. But Indians also play a part, and here are two of them—Dorothy Appleby and William Janney.

An Old Favorite Revived; a Daring Theme; a Horse Hero; and Something New in a Dickens Picture

By

ROB WAGNER

Bette Davis and Gene Raymond, at the right, do much by their acting to bolster up the rather daring Ex-Lady.

sex allure. On the other hand, Gene Raymond, cursed by male beauty, overcomes this and gives a superb performance.

The dialogue is remarkably crisp, natural, and restrained. A small picture much improved by good acting and fine direction.

★ Rex, the Wild Stallion

CAST

Rex, Rex the hero; Lady, Lady the heroine; Marque, Marque the villain; Wanima, Dorothy Appleby; Red Man, William Janney; Clint Bolling, Wallace MacDonald; Big Man, Harry Semels; Davidson, Ford West.

Directed by Earl Haley.
Produced by Columbia.

This is Rex's first neighie. You remember him in those silvery silent days when Elinor Glyn went on record as saying that this wild black stallion also had IT.

The Navahos have a herd of wild horses. Rex is their leader. As a test of manhood the chief's son breaks the outlaw. On the ruse that he is a government inspector sent to kill diseased horses on the reservation, the human heavy uses the pinto to lure the mustangs into a trap where they are killed and sold for their hides.

Rex escapes. Big Indian ceremony, and a grand horse race between Rex, ridden by the chief's son, and the pinto, ridden by one of the human meanies.

A new herd, with Rex still king. More dirty work, wonderful fights between the stallions, and the slaughter of the human heavy by Rex. There is a love story, but the horse stuff completely outweighs the human interest. Furthermore, with one or two exceptions, the horses are by far the best actors.

★ Oliver Twist

CAST

Oliver Twist, Dickie Moore; Fagin, Irving Pichel; Bill Sikes, William Boyd; Nancy Sikes, Doris Lloyd; Rose Maylie, Barbara Kent; Brownlow, Alec B. Francis; Toby Crackit, George K. Arthur; Chitling, Clyde Cook; Artful Dodger, Sonny Ray; Charley Bates, George Nash; Bumble, Lionel Belmore; Mrs. Corney, Temple Pigett; Sowerberry, Nelson McDowell; Noah Claypole, Bobby Nelson; Mrs. Sowerberry, Virginia Sale; Grimwig, Harry Holman.

Directed by William Cowen.
Produced by Monogram.

The London of Dickens was no doubt rough, but modern gangsters with their machine guns reduce the great novelist's records of that time to the tameness of a minuet. This is particularly noticeable when Bill Sikes laboriously loads his one-shot pistol with a ramrod.

Little Dickie Moore is cast as Oliver, and as he was obviously too young and small for so important a rôle, the director threw the burden of the story upon the shoulders of those into whose hands he falls. The cluttered result is not what you expect when you go to see Oliver Twist. Fagin the Jew, Oliver's instructor in pocket-picking, is played as a Gentile!

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

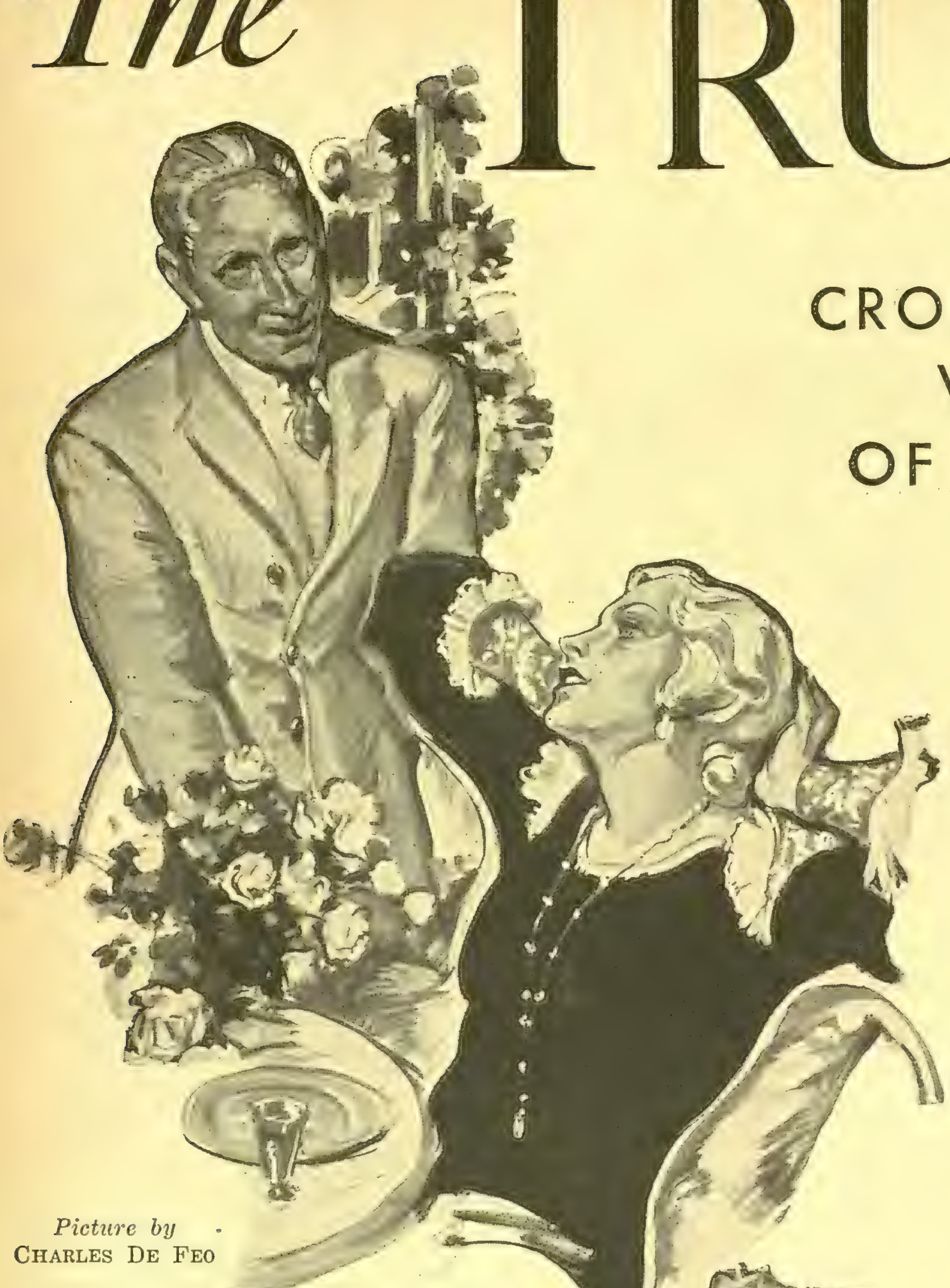
★★★—The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game.

A scene from Oliver Twist, with Barbara Kent, Dickie Moore, and Alec B. Francis. Yes, it has been changed since Dickens wrote it!

The TRUTH

By

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY



Picture by
CHARLES DE FEO

As I looked at her, and as she looked at me, we realized how many years had disappeared since we had been young.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Crown Prince's disclosure of a startling wartime experience with a French soothsayer was made in his third article of this series, in Liberty last week. As early as 1916, during the siege of Verdun, the soothsayer read his palm and predicted—correctly, as events were to prove—the fall of his dynasty, the tragic death of one of his brothers, and his own five-year exile and subsequent return to his native land. She also made another prediction which has yet to be tested, and the nature of which he cannot disclose. He does not, he declared, " set much store by palmists and soothsayers."

He proceeded to give glimpses of his childhood and to describe his education and training. As a Hohenzollern prince he had to learn a trade. He chose three, but did best as a blacksmith. Once in later life, when he was amusing himself by demonstrating his skill in a village smithy, a stranger looking on praised him highly and offered him a job. Upon his revealing his identity the good man, incredulous and much offended, accused him of being a practical joker and drunk into the bargain.

Other features of the article were his childhood recollections of his great-grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I, the founder of the German Empire; of his English great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, and her funeral; and of Bismarck, the illustrious Iron Chancellor.

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PART FOUR—HE WORSHIPS BEAUTY

IT is one of the penalties of my position that I am recognized wherever I go. I sometimes forgo the pleasure of seeing a play or a movie because my presence would attract undue and embarrassing attention to my companions. We have in Germany a press that lives on scandal and does not seem to be afraid of libel.

As for myself, I am accustomed to being misjudged. Remembering the things that were said and written about me during the war and afterward, nothing that the debased imagination of these scribes can invent is capable of inducing in me more than a feeble feeling of disgust. Unfortunately, other people are less hardened than I. The scandalmongers gave me no peace before the war; their wagging tongues pursued me into exile; they are not hushed today.

When I came back to Berlin after five years of exile in Wieringen following four years of war, I felt like another Robinson Crusoe suddenly transported from his desert island to civilization. It is true that in Wieringen I had books and now and then the visit of a friend. But I missed concerts, the theater, and that free communion with kindred spirits which alone makes life tolerable.

The radio had not been brought to its present perfection or my soul would not have been starved for music. Even had I been able to snatch music out of the ether, I would not have been satisfied. The most perfect radio is no substitute for the human touch.

About My LIFE

Glorious Geraldine Farrar—"O Lyric Love!"—Caruso and Fritz Kreisler—A Royal View of Stage and Screen—The Steel Helmet, the World Outlook, and the Red Peril

Life burns most fiercely in art. Human contacts with great artists, singers, and actors intensify the flame of our own lives. Something of their magnetism imparts itself to us. I sometimes long for the return of those times, centuries ago, when it was possible for prince or patron to attract into his orbit the great creative spirits of his generation, when troubadours walked hand in hand with the knights.

The most mellifluous feminine voice that I ever heard was that of Geraldine Farrar. Geraldine Farrar, like Caruso, frequently came to the palace to sing for my mother on her natal day. It was in the palace that I first met the most extraordinary of women, the most fascinating of artists.

When I think of Geraldine Farrar I recall the lovely line with which Browning apostrophized his wife: "O lyric love, half angel and half bird!"

Only an angel could sing so purely, only a bird could soar so high!

Geraldine Farrar is one of the few supreme geniuses of her sex. If she had written poetry, like Sappho or Mrs. Browning, her name would live forever. Unfortunately the singer, like the actor, creates a fragile beauty that, except for phonographic reproductions, lives for the moment only. Nevertheless great actors and great singers leave their impression on the mind and the imagination of men.

Many great singers have had entrancing voices but their own personality did not reflect the beauty that vibrated in their song. Geraldine Farrar was a living tone poem. She was equally bewitching to the eye and to the ear. Sometimes in the loneliness of Wieringen I heard in my mind's ear the tantalizing echo of her voice.

I had not seen Geraldine Farrar for several years when Germany was drawn into the bloody whirlpool of the World War. Then came the long war years and after the war my exile of half a decade in the Netherlands.

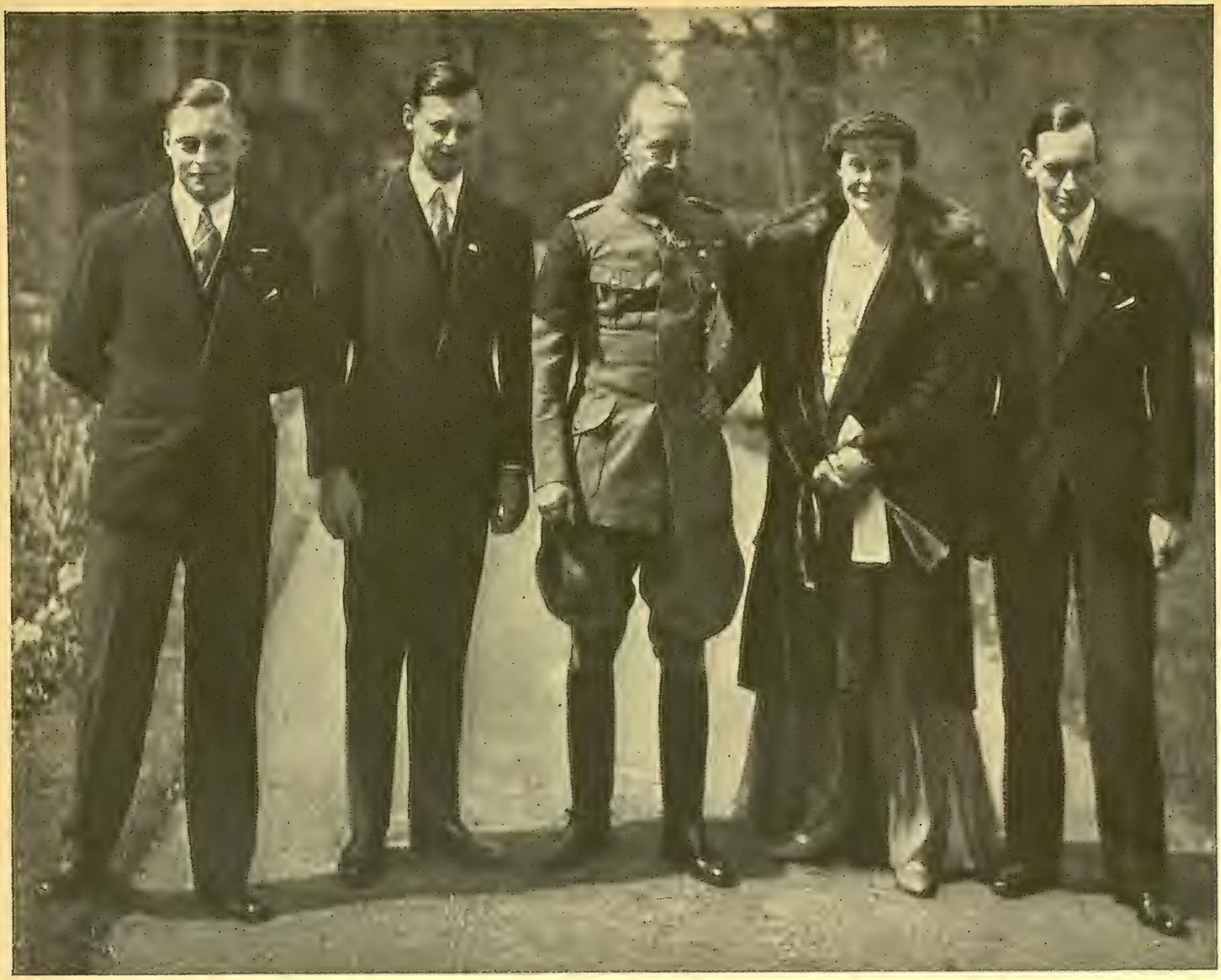
I was profoundly thrilled when, some time after my return to Germany, the opportunity offered itself of meeting Miss Farrar in the house of a mutual friend, Dr. Bertling, the presiding genius of the Amerika Institut in Berlin. I knew that she lived in retirement and devoted herself to her favorite occupation, the cultivation of roses.

She no longer sings, because she wishes to give the world nothing less than perfection. In place of her songs she gives us flowers, as lovely and perishable as song.

I was a little afraid to meet the great artist again after seventeen years. Seventeen years work many changes even in the loveliest of women. But when I saw her the old enchantment asserted itself.

© Strauss-Peyton Studios

Geraldine Farrar at the pinnacle of fame and beauty, as Tosca, one of her most admired rôles.



The Crown Prince with his wife, Crown Princess Cecilie, and three sons at their favorite castle in Potsdam. At the left, Prince Wilhelm and, next to his father, Prince Louis Ferdinand. At the right, Prince Hubertus.

Her face was still as sweet as it had been in her youth and her voice still possessed an intensity of beauty that was almost overwhelming. While we lunched and discussed old times, Miss Farrar wore a hat that completely covered her hair.

I asked her to take it off.

Some women would have hesitated to do so.

When Miss Farrar took it off with a graceful sweep, I saw that her hair, like mine, was white! The white lent a new softness and a new charm to her countenance.

But as I looked at her, and as she looked at me, we realized how many years had disappeared in the relentless maw of time since we had been young.

Of all male artists, I cherish most the memory of Enrico Caruso. He was indeed a human nightingale, or rather a flock of nightingales in one. His voice, unforgettable, still chimed in my ear even on the battlefield. I drank in the sounds that issued from his throat as if they were the most intoxicating of liqueurs.

Caruso often sang for my mother on her birthday in the Muschelsaal (the Shell Hall) of the palace in Potsdam. When his voice throbbed through it, it cast an enchantment over all of us. The beauty of his voice was almost unreal. I believe that after his death the doctors discovered that his larynx was formed in a very peculiar way, different from every other larynx in existence. That is the reason why he has had no rival.

I liked Caruso not only as an artist but as a man. He frequently amused himself by making caricatures of me and other personages of the Imperial court.

In art as in sport I try not merely to look on but to take an active part myself. I don't merely go into picture galleries. I try to draw, myself. Even if my work is no contribution to art, it keeps me in practice and helps me to understand a little better than the ordinary layman the intentions and the technique of great artists. It also helps me, for my own gratification, to retain on paper images that float before my vision.

Similarly I do not merely attend concerts but I play both the piano and the violin. The violin especially was a great solace to me in exile. The ability to play an instrument, however modestly, helps us to sublimate our desires and to appreciate the perfection of the great masters in comparison with our own imperfection. My Amati violin belonged to Frederick the Great.

IF Caruso and Farrar are the gods of my Olympus in grand opera and in the concert hall, Fritz Kreisler is to me the most Olympian of violinists. I owe Kreisler many hours of the most perfect enjoyment. His tone, his touch, his technique are incomparable. But he is more than a technician. He imparts his soul, his radiant personality to his instrument.

I admire Kreisler not only as a violinist but also as a composer. His compositions have infinite charm, although I do not find in them as much of his soul as in his interpretations on the violin. It is rather curious that Kreisler seems to set less store by his art than many of his admirers, including myself. He is even more interested in his collection of ancient manuscripts than in his fiddle.

I am grateful to Kreisler the patriot as well as to Kreisler the artist. During the World War Kreisler sacrificed his entire fortune by selling short Bethlehem Steel, a magnificent but futile gesture to express his defiance of those who coined into gold the blood of his countrymen. Arion may conquer the waves of the ocean, but even a Kreisler cannot buck up against Wall Street. Nevertheless it was Wall Street or some friends in Wall Street who again replenished his purse.

Like my father I have always been attracted strongly by the theater, although our tastes have not been always the same. I frankly admit that I do not care for certain extremes of the modern stage. I am strongly attracted by the classics and by historical plays. Shakespeare, who is played more often in Germany than in England and America, appeals to me most powerfully.

I admired the ornate performances of Beerbohm Tree. But I am even more deeply impressed by Max Reinhardt. It is interesting to note in this connection that Reinhardt has produced Shakespeare more often than any other author. Whereas Beerbohm Tree emphasized the romanticism of Shakespeare, the fantastic fairylike features in the work of the greatest Elizabethan, Reinhardt's version, almost futuristic in its realism, seems to me more human and more convincing.

I have always had a weakness for great actors. As a young man I went constantly to the theater. Today I am attracted also by the cinema.

MY favorite among film actresses is Greta Garbo. I know I share this predilection with millions. It seems to me that Miss Garbo richly deserves her unparalleled popularity. She not merely possesses a beauty that enchants but a gracefulness and charm which she carries with the same matter-of-factness with which the Goddess of Love herself emerges from the sea foam.

With this quality she combines a natural dignity that permits her to play the most audacious parts and still remain a lady. In that respect she differs from many of her rivals.

Greta Garbo's greatest counterpart, the greatest artist of the film, is Charlie Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin is the natural personified. He is supreme because his art superbly conceals itself. Charlie Chaplin is the King Solomon of humor. A thousand moods obey him more implicitly than King Solomon's thousand wives obeyed their master. The wisest of comedians, he holds his audience enthralled and does with us as he pleases. The very simplicity of his methods makes him the greatest actor of the screen. It was Charlie Chaplin who first crossed the abyss which separated the moving picture from art.

Harold Lloyd, too, has inveigled himself into my fancy.

Charlie Chaplin was the person who elevated the moving picture to the realm of art. But the contribution of certain German producers and certain German actors to the evolution of the film should not be slighted. Shortly after the war certain German films won the heart and admiration of America. They gave to the new medium a depth and a variety which it had not possessed.

I consider Konrad Veidt the most gifted of German film stars. Veidt's versatility is amazing. Today he portrays in his own incomparable fashion the devil in human form. Tomorrow he impersonates the most dignified of monarchs. Shifting once more, he appears the next day as a daring young lieutenant of the Hussars. Then the youthful face changes. Lines appear. He plays an ancient roué, faded and sophisticated, with a realism that holds up the mirror to life so perfectly that one imagines oneself on the street or in a salon.

Werner Kraus, who is equally at home on the screen and on the stage, is a revelation. Technique and nature merge into one in his acting. Somehow one believes in him. Every syllable, every tone, every gesture has the stamp of complete authenticity. He is more than an actor. He himself, not the author or the director, creates the figures which he impersonates. He breathes his life into them and makes them walk and talk. That, I believe, is the greatest tribute that can be paid to an actor.

Much as I delight in art and artists, in sports and sportsmen, sterner duties wait for me every day. I am a hard-driven business executive. Every morning I drive my Mercedes from my home in Potsdam, named in honor

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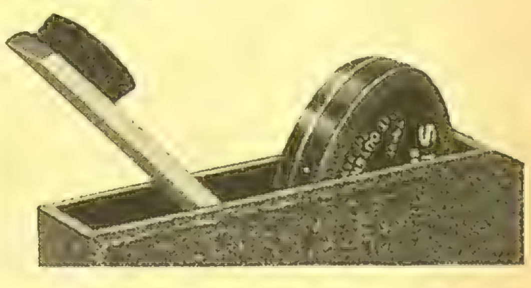

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The Crown Prince watching speed trials.

of my wife Cecilienhof, to my headquarters in the city of Berlin. In the settlement with the state we received the old palace of Emperor Wilhelm I, Unter den Linden 37, and the so-called Netherland Palace which adjoins it. The old Emperor's palace has been turned into a museum, but my father reserved a number of rooms for his consort, Empress Hermine. It is here that the Empress Hermine gives her receptions when she is in Berlin.

Unter den Linden 37 houses the offices of the Imperial Royal House and of my own estate. Here I confer every morning with the men in charge of our affairs and with my own private secretary.

Our interests are complicated and far-flung. It has been stated erroneously that my father is one of the richest men in Germany. This may be true on paper. It is not true in fact. Many of the castles and estates which constitute the property of the Royal House represent sentimental rather than real values. They are inalienably bound up with the Hohenzollern tradition and with the history of Prussia. But financially they are what we Germans call "eating capital" and what Americans call white elephants.

The depression, world-wide in its devastating aspect, respects neither presidents nor princes. We maintain many of our landed estates at high costs. The revenue we derive from our possessions must support not only my father's establishment but a large number of members of our family, one hundred and twenty in all, who largely depend upon this income for their sustenance.

Many matters come up every day for my decision. There is a vast amount of correspondence to which I must give my attention. Innumerable conferences and personal interviews consume my time. Matters of policy require delicate handling. I am quite certain that these affairs keep me as busy as if I were an American business executive.

When I am through with my work at the office I return to my favorite home in Potsdam. Here I dwell with my family and with my fox terriers, Jimmy and Albo.

The Cecilienhof was built in 1916 in the style of an old castle with long winding halls and stained-glass windows. The castle is surrounded by a garden with roses and many other flowers. Amid these roses there appears an old English naval cannon which was presented some time ago as a gift to the Crown Princess. Its purpose is decorative, not military.

Near the castle flows the River Havel. There is a boathouse built in imitation of an old ruined fort. Much of my time is devoted to sport, sailing in the harbor, tennis and golf.

In Potsdam I am surrounded by many mementos of my childhood, by collections of plaques, pictures, and caricatures. Here I draw my sketches, play my violin, and indulge in my occasional exploits as a writer. Here too I read—primarily political, military, and scientific books.

Occasionally I read fiction. In literature as in the drama I avoid extremes of modernism. I acquaint myself with the latest vagaries of modern authors, but I do not derive much pleasure from morbid psychological studies. Pegasus, the steed of the poets, is not a rhinoceros. Yet many modern writers insist on making it wallow in slime as if that were its natural habitat. I prefer the thrush to the mud lark.

SENTIMENTS such as these guide me in educating my children. I have never tried to hide the truths of life from them. But there is no reason for confusing veracity with brutality. The truth may be beautiful. It is not necessarily ugly. We should hand down to our children not merely our biological knowledge but also our ideals. Man shall not live by bread alone. In the last analysis the spirit is more potent than its physical counterpart.

Germany would not have been able to battle against twenty-two nations if she had not been sustained by noble ideals and traditions. Our enemies would not have won if they had appealed merely to sordid materialistic objectives. They maintained the mettle of their people by proclaiming as their goal certain noble purposes of which Mr. Woodrow Wilson was the most eloquent mouthpiece.

The world can be saved not by increasing its materialistic forces but by appealing to the things of the

He is an ardent lover of automobile racing.

spirit. We have invented innumerable labor-saving devices, but the machine age has not made mankind happier, because idealism was lacking. Technocracy is an ogre only because it has no spiritual impetus. We must learn to exploit the machine without becoming its slave. What shall it profit a man if he gain nine hundred million horse power and lose his own soul?

If Germany has survived a disastrous war and a still more disastrous peace, she owes her survival to the spirit which animated her soldiers at the front. The Steel Helmet, the great organization comprising nearly eight hundred thousand members with which I have the honor to be associated, was founded primarily to keep alive that spirit. Not the spirit of militarism but the spirit of unselfish service—the willingness to sacrifice oneself for one's country.

I myself wear the badge of the Steel Helmet wherever I go. My sons, like myself, actively participate in all its activities. Inasmuch as the generation which fought at the front must die out in the natural order of events, we founded a Youth Movement to inculcate in our children, in our daughters as well as in our sons, the noble tradition symbolized by the Steel Helmet.

One reason for my interest in organizations like the Steel Helmet is the fact that the Carthaginian peace imposed upon us, in defiance of Wilson's Fourteen Points, at Versailles, deprived us of that splendid discipline formerly provided for our young men by universal compulsory military training. I disagree with the statement made recently by one of the chiefs of our High School for Physical Culture who said: "One must not breed cannon."

Nations, like individuals, can never overcome their inferiority complexes unless they know that they are equipped to defend themselves against any emergency. No nation worthy of that name will long endure the stigma of inequality. Certainly the German people will insist upon complete equality with their sister nations in the matter of military preparedness.

That is not militarism. It does not indicate that we have the slightest desire to attack our neighbors. But it means that we must feel that we can hold our own against the sea of arms that literally surrounds and threatens to overwhelm us. The man who is sure of himself is least likely to put his hand to the trigger.

BOTH before and during the war I was caricatured as a jingo constantly rattling the saber. Nothing was ever more alien to me. I have often been asked to express myself on the subject of war. I can say with absolute honesty and an easy conscience: No one who has gone through the fiery crucible of war, no one who has suffered the agony of those whose position condemns them to send other men to their death, can ever hope for or desire another war. That is different from the attitude of the academic pacifist, who will not take arms under any provocation.

Peace certainly is most to be wished for. No great people in Europe kept the peace longer than Germany. For twenty-five years, under my father's reign, no German army invaded enemy soil. We did not hungrily stretch out our hands for the wealth or the territory of others. We had no ambition to sweep from the seas the commerce of our neighbors. We may have blundered as well as the others. But I know and can bear witness to the fact that we did not design the World War. We certainly harbor no warlike designs today.

But no sane man can shut his eyes to the fact that discords, personal and national, are rooted in human nature. So long as even members of the same family cannot live peacefully side by side, eternal peace must remain a dream. But it is a consummation I hope for most devoutly, like all men endowed with a spark of reason and responsibility.

I know the horrors of war, the stench and the devastation of battle fields. But I also know that the comradeship of arms fosters the noblest of human instincts. I have seen my people battling with unequaled heroism against incredible odds. It is for this reason that I resent Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front. Both the book and the film are charged with a bias obviously directed against the German army. Defenders of

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 23

1—About 11,000 miles.
2—No; Yellowstone contains 3,426 square miles; Glacier, 1,534.
3—One hundred and fifty miles.
4—Lake Titicaca; 12,500 feet above sea level, lying partly in Peru, partly in Bolivia.
5—About 1,250 miles long.
6—Yes; but a small one.
7—France has no vice president.
8—Egbert, in the early ninth century.
9—A violent and declamatory pulpit orator.
10—Any of numerous small birds of the family Paridæ.
11—In 1694.
12—In 1931, Mexico.
13—An outpost of four men.
14—Labrador.
15—Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.
16—Birmingham and Liverpool.
17—Hardened volcanic glass froth.
18—The penguin.
19—Anne, Charlotte, and Emily Brontë.
20—A tent or pledget for wounds or ulcers.

Answer to Chocolate Vitavose question on page 23—*A newly recognized reason for lack of appetite in children is the failure of their diet to provide enough of essential* Vitamin B.

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Remarque deny this imputation. But in vain.

Recently an American film expert asked me to state my opinion about All Quiet on the Western Front.

I said: "What would be your attitude if the story were reversed and if the part played in the film by the Germans were assigned to the Americans?"

He replied: "I can imagine no such thing."

Let any American put this question to himself and ask himself whether he would like to see a depreciation of America's war effort in a film or a play. Then he will understand why the German people repudiate Remarque's film.

It is not our intention as the Steel Helmet and similar groups to form a state within a state or to organize a private army. Nevertheless our brave boys help to hold the balance against the insidious forces of disruption carefully groomed and equipped by the Soviets and their satellites.

Our aims are constructive. They are not political in the partisan sense. It is my hope that all organizations with similar constructive purposes will coöperate with us. It will be an evil day for Germany when the idealism that inspires its young men and women to battle for the common weal is made a play ball of party politics.

I myself have kept out of party politics in Germany. When I did make a statement or issue an appeal, it was always for the sake of a common ideal, not for the sake of the partisan advantage of a particular group. In writing these reminiscences I have deliberately refrained from touching upon politics. I have no intention of changing this disposition either now or in the immediate future. But whenever I can serve my country I am willing to raise my voice.

I was pleased that an appeal to the American people which I issued in May of 1932 aroused a responsive echo. The brief speech which I made for the talkies on the subject of the Peace Treaty of Versailles as the main obstacle to the recovery of the world cannot be contraverted.

No one believed us when we claimed that the unholy treaty forced upon us in violation of good faith by the Allies meant ruin not only to us but also for our erstwhile foes until the ledgers of merchants and bankers confirmed the dismal prophecies of our economists and our statesmen.

I am particularly pleased to have the opportunity to discuss those things, which are much nearer to my heart than my own fate, before an American audience. I shall be amply repaid if my efforts help to establish a better understanding of my country's problems in the English-speaking world.

English is my second mother tongue. Like my father, I believe that close coöperation between the three great Germanic nations, Germany, England, the United States, with Italy, is the only safeguard of civilization against the red sand storm that is sweeping from Moscow across the world.

In next week's installment the Crown Prince will reveal himself as sportsman, especially as a devotee of football, ice hockey, polo, tennis, and golf, and of automobile, horse, and bicycle racing.

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DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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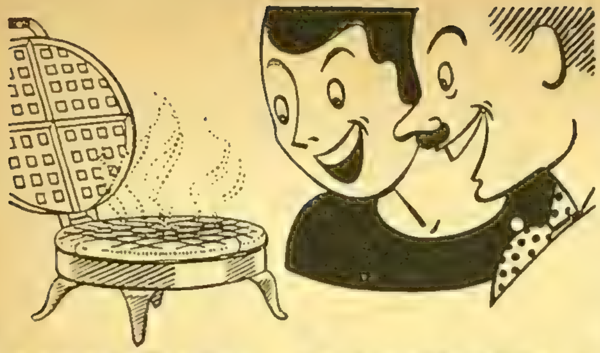

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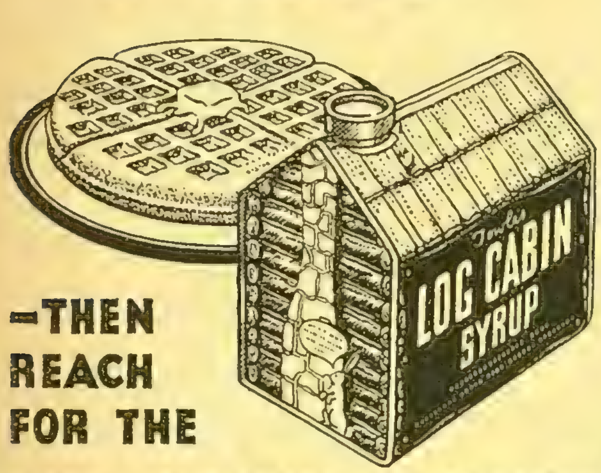

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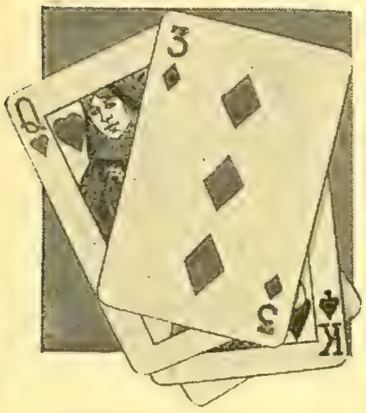
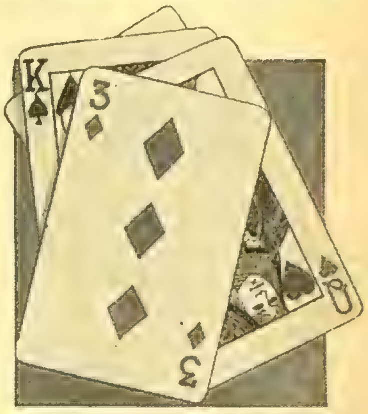




A Short Short Story

By HOMER CROY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

EDDIE ORCHARD is about the slickest, hard-boiledest trans-Atlantic gambler there is, I guess. You wouldn’t give him a second look, which is what he wants. Kind of obscure-lookin’ fella I’d consider him.

Here’s one thing about him. He never packs a gun. Too smart for that. Least I never saw one, and he’s crossed with me a good many times.

One day up the gangplank who should I see comin’ but Goldie. Which didn’t surprise me none, for Goldie was Eddie Orchard’s girl. But what did surprise me was that she had a man with her, hangin’ on to her arm and writin’ poetry with his eyes. Smallish man, but nice-lookin’. Arthur Meadows was his name.

What give me the surprise I just wrote about was that Goldie would do it—sign up with another man when Eddie Orchard was half seas over about her. When I found out how it was it pretty near washed me overboard. Eddie Orchard had intended to work another ship, and then at the last minute had changed over—somebody on his tail, I guess. And Goldie, thinkin’ he was on the other ship, decides to step out with Arthur Meadows and make home port before Eddie Orchard knows it.

You’d think it would be a big moment, wouldn’t you, when Eddie Orchard piped Goldie? Well, it was in a way, only not spectacular. Eddie Orchard didn’t bat an eye any more than a glass turtle. Goldie took it big, but not so big her man catches on.

“ Let’s walk over there a spell,” was all she said.

“ When we get to Paris we’ll get married, honey,” I heard Arthur Meadows say later. And he meant it, too; I could see that. “ I’ve got about twelve hundred dollars, which will keep us going till I get a job.”

“ I think you’re wonderful,” she said, and she meant that, too.

I suppose I shouldn’t of, but I went and told Eddie Orchard. And there wasn’t no more expression on his face than on a capstan. Eddie has a good face for his trade.

Eddie Orchard didn’t say nothin’ during the next two or three days; just threw his eye now and then, that was all, which eased Goldie quite a bit, for Eddie Orchard isn’t a cream puff. He worked different from most of the boys, never pretending he was a greenhorn who didn’t know much about cards. Instead of that he showed that cards called him papa.

“ Here’s something interesting,” he said the night before Southampton, which is always the night before the big game. “ It’s a trick and all it needs is clever manipulation. Shuffle the deck and give it to me and, after a blind shuffle, I’ll make the four aces come out together.”

It was the moment he had waited for. Goldie was in the ladies’ lounge. Just Arthur Meadows alone. He pulled the aces.

“ Now watch the four kings march out together.” And they did.

Passengers were hanging around the table thicker than flies in a tramp galley, their mouths open and their eyes staring.

“ Now I’ll make the queen of hearts and the queen of spades come out in sequence, one tripping right on the heels of the other.”

While he was shuffling the cards he got a call from his stooge, who said he was sick and to come to the cabin for a moment; very important. Eddie Orchard’s face showed he didn’t like the idea, but he stopped and placed the cards on the table in two piles, excused himself polite, and hurried away.

“ I’ll spoil his trick,” said one of the men, and shifted cards from one pile to the other as a joke.

When he returned Eddie Orchard picked them up kind of suspicious-like.

“ None of you have touched my cards, have you? ”

They looked guilty for a second; then one of the men said, “ No, we ain’t. Do your stuff.”

Eddie Orchard shuffled them again; then, in his Sunday-school way:

“ The next will be the queen of hearts.” And it was.

I saw the next card under it plainly, because he was talking and wasn’t minding his business, and it was the three-spot of diamonds.

“ THE next card out will be the queen of diamonds,” said Eddie.

A look went around. He seemed to notice it. “ What makes you look that way? ” he asked, innocent-like. “ Maybe you’d like to bet I can’t do it,” he said.

“ Yes, I would,” said Arthur Meadows, a little quiver getting into his voice in spite of himself.

“ You’d better think twice about that,” said Eddie Orchard.

“ That’s my business,” said Arthur Meadows. “ I’ll put up five hundred dollars.”

Eddie smiled as wide as a crack in a china saucer.

“ I’ll double it. Can you stand it? ”

“ I can stand it,” said Arthur Meadows, and I could see his hand under the table trembling.

The money went down.

“ All right; here’s your queen of diamonds,” said Eddie Orchard. But it wasn’t. It was the three-spot.

He stood there, his face as blank as a widow woman’s bank account. Then he pushed the money over. “ It’s yours.”

I couldn’t understand it, knowing Eddie Orchard. So after the others had cleared out of the smoking room and he was setting alone, I said:

“ It was tough, you pullin’ the wrong card tonight, Mr. Orchard.”

Eddie Orchard looked at me. Gamblers get to like their stewards, traveling so much with them.

“ Maybe it wasn’t as tough as you think,” he said. “ He’s dead in love with her—no doubt about that—and she will be happier married to him than she would to a gambler like me. He amounts to something—I don’

THE END

Good
And Try

By ROBERT

CARTOONS BY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 56 seconds.)

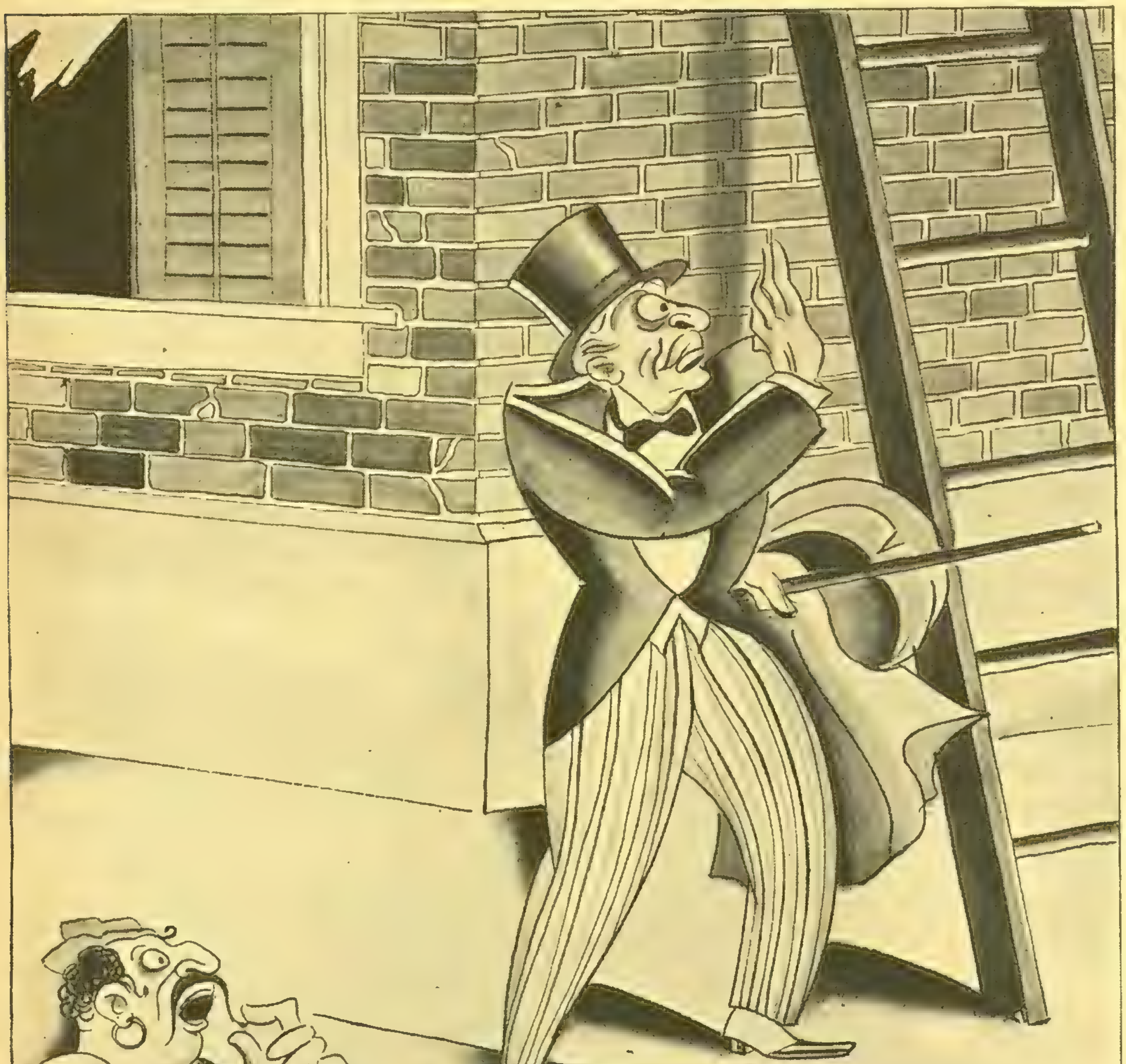
YOU may think that you are not superstitious. But would you walk under a burning building? Would you hold a hammer in your left hand and bring it down on your right? Would you light three bank notes with one match? Probably not. But do you know why?

Most of the superstitions which we have today date back to the Middle Ages, when superstition *was* something. In the Middle Ages they were superstition-poor, they had so much. For several centuries there a man couldn't stoop over to lace up his shoon (Middle-Aged word for " shoes ") in the morning without first throwing salt over his shoulder and wetting his finger in a distillation of wolfsbane.

For every single thing they did in those days they had to do three other things first, and by the end of the day you know that runs into time. Often they never could get started on the real business at hand because they were so occupied in warding off the evil eye, and a man who really took care of himself and ran no chances might very well starve to death before he got through his warding-off exercises.

For instance, there was a thing called a mandrake root which was considered practically infallible for keeping naughty spirits at bay; but you had to go out and dig your own mandrake root. You couldn't say to your little boy while you were dressing: " Run out into the garden and pull up daddy's mandrake root for him this morning." You had to go out and dig it yourself. Furthermore, you had to dig it at midnight, or under just the right conditions of the moon, or it was no good. And, just to make things harder, you had to be deaf; otherwise you would hear the mandrake root shriek when you pulled it up, and if you once heard that you would fall down dead.

People used to tie the root to a dog and then whistle from a safe distance where they couldn't hear the root complain. The dog would pull up the root in answering the whistle (as dirty a trick as ever was played on Man's Best Friend), hear the deadly scream, and fall down dead in his tracks. Then the mandrake digger would rush up, grab the root, and tear off to the office. But by this time his office was probably in the hands of the sheriff, or the water had overflowed the tub and dripped down into the room below, and there he was stuck with a mandrake root and a bill for $115.00.



What harm can come from walking around the ladder, unless you slip into the gutter?

Of course today we know that there is no such thing as bad luck, but just the same there is no sense in making a fool of yourself. If, simply by walking around a ladder, you can humor some little gnome into not dogging your footsteps all day with a red-hot pea-shooter, then why be narrow-minded? Walk around the ladder, even though you laughingly say to yourself that you are spoiling that little gnome by being so indulgent. What harm can come from walking around the ladder, unless possibly you slip off into the gutter and sprain your ankle?

The reason why we feel an instinctive urge not to walk under a ladder is fairly interesting (only fairly) and perhaps it would be just as well if I told it to you. If you are superstitious about hearing stories about how superstitions arose, wet your right thumb and turn this page over once.

It seems that when William the Conqueror (or Lief the Unlucky, as he was known in the Greek version of the fable) first landed in England (you know the date as well as I do—1215 Magna Charta) he was very nervous for fear that a Certain Party had followed him from Normandy (his real reason for leaving). Every night he used to take a walk around the ramparts of his castle " just to get a

Luck, and Get It

BENCHLEY

PADEREWSKI

breath of fresh air" as he said, but as he had had nothing but fresh air all day he fooled nobody. What he really was doing was taking a look to make sure that this Certain Party was not snooping around trying to find a way into the castle to get some evidence on him.

One night he came upon a ladder placed up against the wall and, thinking to trap the intruder, he stood under this ladder, very close up against the stonework, to see if he could hear without being seen.

It wasn't a ladder at all, however (he was pretty unfamiliar with the layout of the castle, having just come from Normandy), but a part of the drawbridge mechanism, and just at that moment the man in charge opened up the portcullis and pulled up the bridge to let in one of the menials who had been in town to a dance, and William the Conqueror was catapulted over backward into the moat (from which all the water had been drawn that very evening to make room for fresh) and wrenched his back very badly.

FROM that day on he gave orders for his bodyguard never to let him walk under a ladder *unless he was sure it was a ladder*. Gradually this last provision was dropped from the command and it became known as "William's Folly" to walk under *any* ladder. Gradually the "William's Folly" was dropped, and it became just a sap thing to do anyway. But we do not realize that the *original* form of this superstition was, "Don't walk under a ladder unless you are sure that it *is* a ladder!" So, you see, we have just been overcautious all these years.

The practice among athletic teams of carrying along monkeys or owls as mascots comes from a very old custom of monkeys and owls carrying along athletic teams as mascots. The word mascot comes from the French *mascotte*, meaning little witch, but practically nobody today carries around a little witch to bring him good luck.

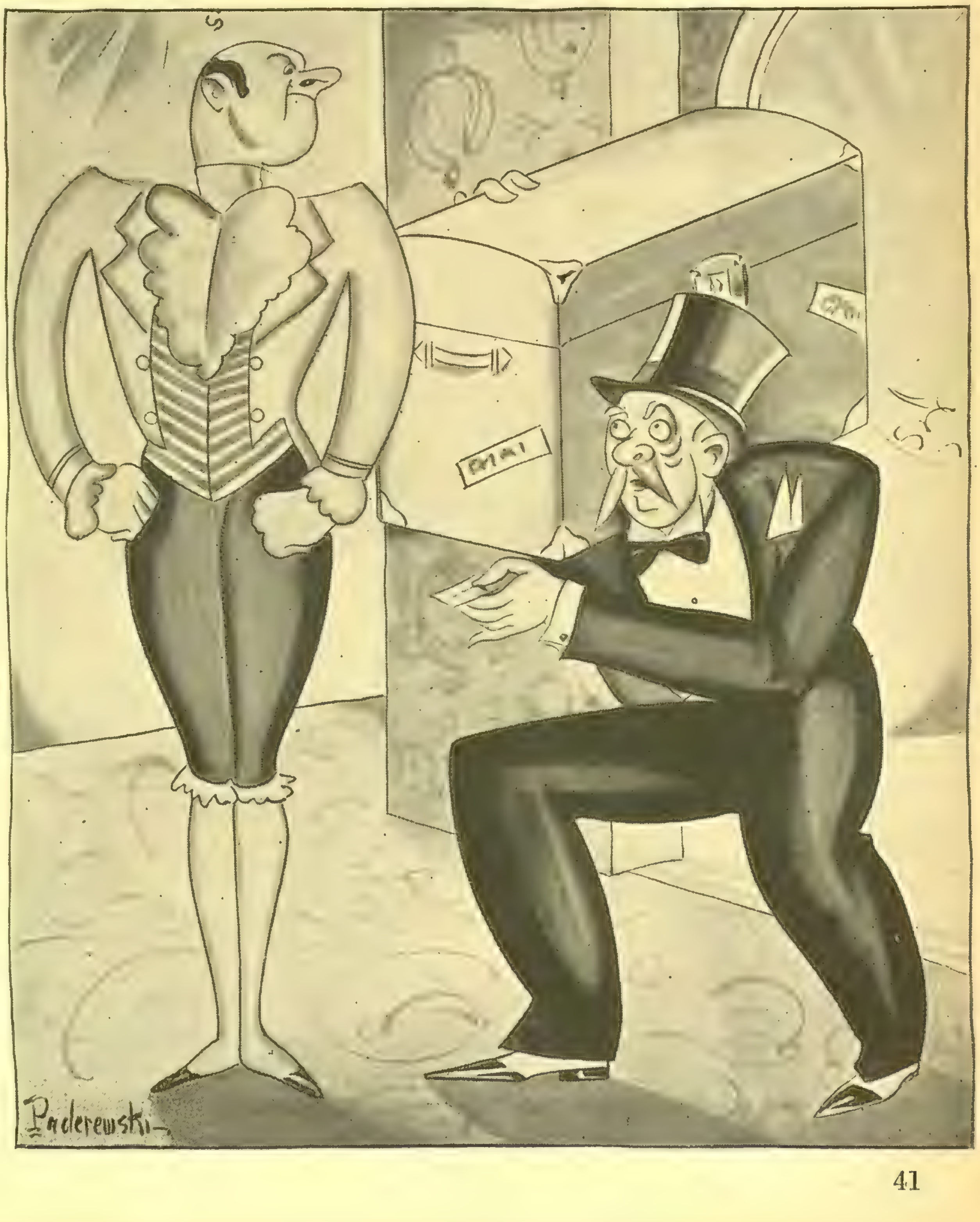
In fact, a little witch would be a liability today, for it would mean just one more mouth to feed and one more railroad ticket to buy, even though you could probably get her on for half fare. But other things, usually inanimate, have taken the place of the little witch, and a great many people have odds and ends of crockery and bric-a-brac which they would not be without on any venture involving luck. These are sometimes called amulets, and range anywhere from a "lucky penny" (any penny at all is pretty lucky these days) to a small bust of some famous man.

I once heard of a man who was carrying a trunk downstairs when a messenger boy came up to him and gave him a note saying he had won a raffle. From that day on he considered the trunk his "lucky piece" and was afraid to go anywhere without it. This caused him no end of inconvenience and people stopped asking him to parties. But he still persisted in dragging the trunk with him wherever he went, always looking for another messenger boy to come up with another message of good cheer. He finally hurt himself quite seriously, so that he couldn't take the trunk with him any more, and then he just stayed at home with the trunk.

Thus we see that even in this enlightened day and age the old medieval superstitions still persist in some form or another. Some of us go on feeling that if we sign our name on a little piece of paper, or check, we can get money from it. Others are perfectly convinced that if they go into a polling booth and push down a button they are having a part in running the government.

If it isn't one sort of superstition it is another—and sometimes it is both.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.



He considered the trunk his "lucky piece" and was afraid to go anywhere without it.

Out of the FOG

The Story of a War Ace Who Was Afraid to Fly

Illustrated by W. MacRae Gillies

By

BRUCE GOULD

(Reading time: 24 minutes 3 seconds.)

As he slammed the door of his coupé, well before the scheduled arrival of the airliner, Reed instinctively looked at the sky and layout of the airport. His brow furrowed. They could pick some of the damnedest places for airports!

To the south and west level mud flats bordered the cindered field; but on the north and east the airport was banked with a maze of chimneys, viaducts, high-tension wires. The chimney peaks and other obstructions were already tipped with glowing red neon lights, matching the fiery arrow that swung lazily atop the administration hangar.

To be safe a plane had to come in high for a landing. To try sifting through those hazards even in broad daylight was inviting disaster. And now the ceiling was low, with a thickening mist, and it was twilight.

He looked at his watch. Five twenty. Plane due at five forty-five. It would be, in this mist, almost dark by then. He fingered the excited departure telegram in his pocket. If the fog got thicker—

As he fought to shut that thought out of his mind he remembered feeling *his* way and landing down through fogs that rolled in from the Channel.

A hopeful thought flashed through his mind. Perhaps the trip had been canceled somewhere along the route.

He hurried past a score or more parked cars toward the Operations office.

As he entered, a huge man just coming through the door marked "Weather" looked sharply at him. Avoiding those eyes until he got rid of the tremor that he felt in his throat, Reed asked:

"Is Number Three maintaining schedule?"

A giant hand nearly crushed his shoulder under its impact. A booming voice roared:

"Pickle my bones in *vin ordinaire!* Captain Reed Gordon!"

There, minus his red mustache, and bald now as an eagle, stood "Rufe" Dyke. Rufe caught Reed's stealthy glance at his left leg, grinned.

"All steel now, my boy. I use part of it as a safety-deposit box—getting a patent on the idea. Ought to be a big money-maker after the next war, *n'est-ce pas?*"

That was Rufe—grin in hell.

"I've been wondering why you haven't been around, *mon capitaine*—don't you ever get the fever? You could always fly rings around the rest of us. The way you picked that Heinie off my tail and slapped him down for jumping on baby. God, Reed, you were a squadron leader!"

The damn' fool was standing up straight as a rod, saluting, and meaning it.

"It's over now," said Reed embarrassedly.

"That's right, Reed—and a lucky break for me. I was just getting my bellyful of fighting, if you ask me. A little more of that particular kind of hell and—"

Rufe laughed ironically.

"How about Number Three?" Reed asked quickly.

"Nineteen minutes late—squalls over the mountains."

"You've got a rotten low ceiling here, Rufe. And it's fogging up badly."

"It's worse at the other fields. Usually is. So I've told Tracy to come on here."

"Tracy?"

"'Old Sit Tight.' You remember him."

"Conservative as ever?"

"Worse. He's all covered with moss now. Kinda gets your goat sometimes. Takes no chances."

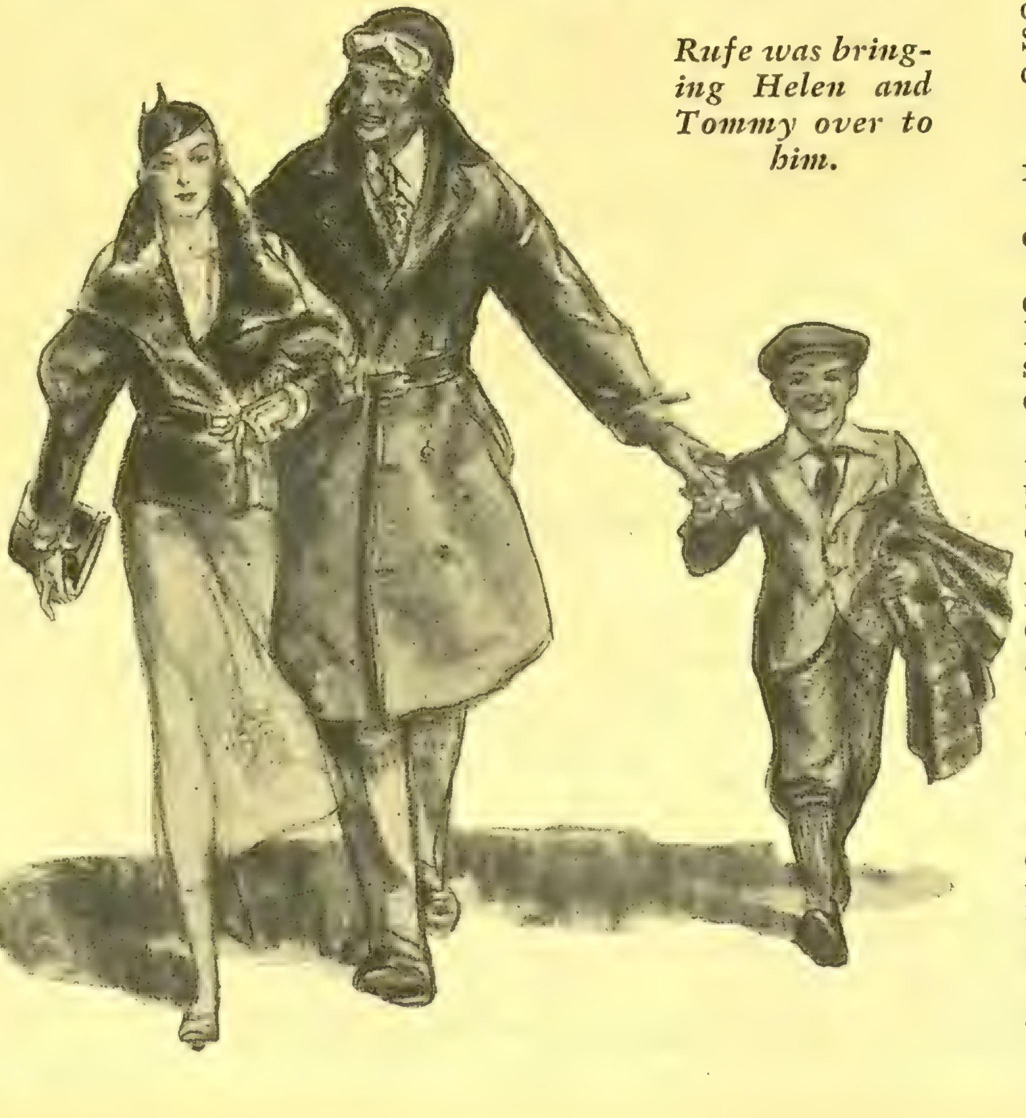
"Well, Rufe, maybe that's why he's wearing both his legs," said Reed dryly.

Rufe smiled penitently. He came around the counter, hardly limping at all.

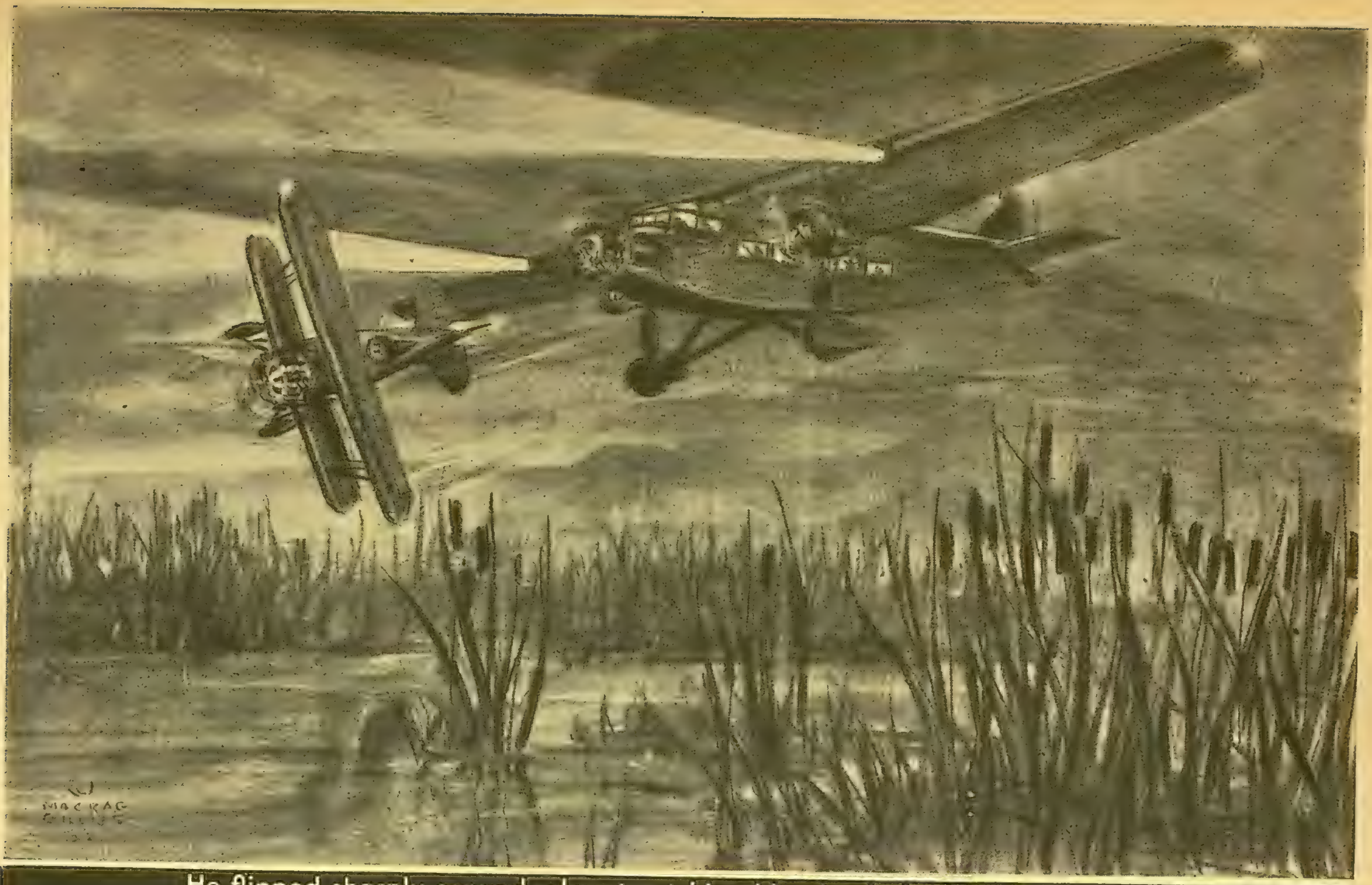
"Let me show you around."

He couldn't be dissuaded. Explained everything. Led the way outside mysteriously, pulled up in front of a tiny ship like a Sopwith Camel.

"That's my owny own," he said proudly,



Rufe was bringing Helen and Tommy over to him.



He flipped sharply around, almost catching his wingtip in the glistening mud.

running his hand fondly over the curve of the fuselage like a man petting a horse. "I'm not much good, with this iron leg. But if I've got most of the sky to play around in I'm not a menace. Take a good look at her."

Against his will, Reed was led up to the single open cockpit. The old agony and a fear of nausea swept over him.

"Try how she sits," Rufe urged.

He felt himself being partly assisted, partly lifted into the cockpit. He sat there, motionless, trying to appear cool and casual. His legs began to tremble. An icy fear crept down his spine.

"Some buggy, eh, captain?"

While waiting to be sure of his voice, Reed bent down, carefully examining the instruments.

He found his voice at last.

"Give me a hand out of this crate, Rufe." He tried to be casual. "I suppose Tracy's making the best time he knows how, but—"

Rufe looked at the ceiling intently.

"Looking worse upstairs," he admitted. "I'd feel happier myself if everybody was checked in for the night."

A STREAK of light shot its finger toward them through the dusk as a man spurted out of Operations, ran up.

"Rufe—Tracy wants to know can he land here all right."

"Tell him to make up his mind he can't land anywhere else. And ask him to step on it. And you tell Mason to throw on the flood lights."

The man hurriedly retreated to Operations with his message. A minute later the floods came on. Their incandescence unsteadily pushed back the gray mists now rolling slowly along the ground.

"Tracy can make it," Rufe was asking, "don't you think so, captain?"

Reed spun around, his eyes blazing. His words barked:

"Make it!" Startled, Rufe stepped back a pace. "He's got to. My boy's in that ship!"

For answer, Rufe looked again at the shifting, vaporous sky, the filmy, diaphanous grayness which deepened into black above the lights of the airport.

"Tracy'll make it," he said finally, like one assuring himself of a not too great certainty.

As he stood there hearing the doubt in Rufe's voice, Reed remembered with a suddenly overwhelming sense of shame how he had permitted Tommy to fly—and had not flown himself. They had been standing on the railway station platform. The boy's face was screwed up into a pleading knot.

"Gee, dad, I wish you were going to fly too. Can't you change your mind, dad?"

TOMMY'S ten-year-old fingers had despairingly played with his father's gloved hand. Awkwardly they twisted the empty stall where the right little finger had been until a German bullet ticked it off three miles above earth.

In that next second in the sky, Reed remembered, he had sped out of range of the man on his tail and tumbled right into the hottest dog fight of his war. Tommy had long burned with a boy's curiosity to know the story of that missing finger—to hear first-hand the hair-raising stories he imagined. He couldn't understand why his father refused to talk about them.

Reed had jerked his hand away—too roughly, apparently. Tommy's eyes looked hurt. He and Tommy had grown very close, not father and son but almost two boys, in the week's visit at grandfather's Ohio farm.

"Sorry, old man," Reed said placatingly—it made Tommy feel grown-up to be old-manned. "Promised I'd get back first thing in the morning to New York."

"You'd fly, dad, wouldn't you"—Tommy kept his eyes fixed carefully on the ground—"if you didn't have to be back first thing in the morning?"

"Sure, son." Reed hoped his tone was casual enough. "Sure. But a date's a date in business."

Relief shone in Tommy's upturned face. He *had* sounded convincing, then.

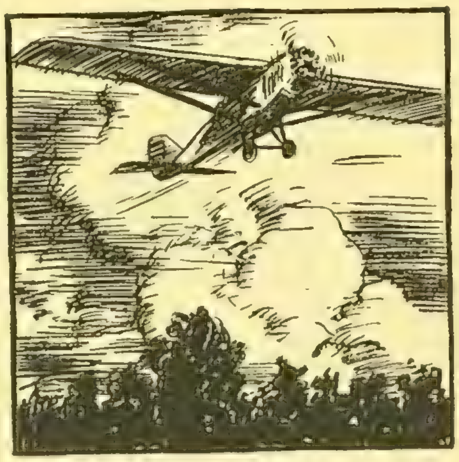
"I knew you would, dad—of course anybody'd *want* to fly." Tommy's brown adventurous eyes danced like sparks in the wind.

The train bell had clanged its warning. Tommy's grandmother came hastily forward. Tommy threw his arms about his father's legs—there was a sound almost like a suppressed sob. But Tommy, when he looked up, was smiling.

"I'll meet you tomorrow at the airport, son," Reed called back as he swung on to the moving train.

Once aboard, his vision misted. Sooner or later his boy must find out that his hero father was a coward—that he'd rather die than take the stick of an airplane again.

In the diner he couldn't eat—sat staring out emptily at the bleak night through the black window. He could think only of the day, not far distant, when his son would turn from him in disgust, brand him yellow—and he would never have a son again. He had found his way back to the Pullman. The porter was making up his berth.



He thumbed through a Pittsburgh evening paper. A smaller headline caught his eye:

CONGRESS VOTES
ACE OF ACES MEDAL

Friends Win Reed Gordon
Belated War Recognition

Why couldn't they let it drop? They would expect him to go to Washington; he'd have to make a speech. There'd be a swarm of planes overhead.

If they dived on him! That awful rising scream of diving pursuit planes—could he ever get it out of his ears?

He'd had wings shot away; had landed unconscious; had felt his tortured way through eerie mists to a ground that might at any moment rise and crash into him; had spun down in flames. He had prayed sometimes for a quick death to end the suspense of each new dawn. But no death came.

And with a score of splendid fellows' lives depending on him, looking up to him as squadron leader, he only became tighter lipped, harder than ice in hell. He couldn't crack and let them down.

But he had broken at last—as he had known he would—the day he got his honorable discharge, the day of his release. That day he stopped flying.

With a certainty that admitted of no argument—a certainty which war flyers tacitly accepted—he knew that if he flew once more, just once, something in him would crack. He would tumble down out of the sky—out of control at last.

He came home a hero, blazoned with wings, medals, honors.

A score of admiring reporters met him at Quarantine. He was America's ace of aces. Like machine guns they shot incendiary questions at him.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he had said, smiling as naturally as possible. "The war's over."

They had written columns about his modesty.

SOMEHOW his sweetheart had understood. She had a gift for silence, and intuitive knowledge. They had married.

And, until Tommy began to grow up, the war had seemed something that had happened long ago, a forgotten nightmare, a ghost. But, like a ghost, it could return.

One day Tommy, seven, had come rushing home, beside himself with excitement. In his hand was a tin model airplane someone had given him, on his lips the delighted discovery that his father had been a hero in the war.

"They said, dad"—his voice filled with awe—"they said you was an ace!"

He had tried desperately to respond to Tommy's enthusiasm. It was his wife who rescued him. Quietly, efficiently, she steered Tommy off to bed. But in that moment Reed knew he had lost his boy.

Aviation had become Tommy's passion. He learned all about his father's war exploits from books by professional lily gilders, who wrote of Reed as though he had been a modern knight-errant of the sky. But, because he was a god, Tommy had not dared question why his father never flew, though Reed could see growing in Tommy's mind a baffling wonder.

Yesterday suddenly Tommy had sprung the idea of flying back home. His grandfather, not understanding, had encouraged him, offered him the trip as a birthday gift. Reed had invented the fiction of an important business engagement—and yielded to the boy's plea to fly back alone then, in order to stop a discussion he couldn't face.

Reaching home, he had gone upstairs, knocked at his wife's door. She welcomed him sleepily, inquired about Tommy.

"He'll be here this afternoon," he had said evasively.

Over breakfast she had asked him if he was going to his office. He had nodded.

"I think," she had said suddenly, "I'd like Chicago, for a while at least."

TO hide his revealing face from her quick eyes, he bent over his coffee. She continued:

"You know you thought you might speak to MacGregor about taking over that Chicago branch, Reed. Did you? It would be good for Tommy, you know. A few years in the Middle West would give him a better idea of this country."

He remembered in a flash Helen's face, rigidly accusing, when he had told her at the door that Tommy was flying back.

"Flying back?—when you came yourself by train?"

He had stiffened. She must know the rank injustice of her recrimination. But for the first time there was no softening, no understanding in her. Her feeling was all for her child.

And as he left for the office she said bluntly, as though the two somehow linked:

"You said you would speak to MacGregor about the Chicago branch. Have you done it?"

"Well—" he fumbled.

Her eyes met his, directly questioning.

"Well—to tell you the truth, dear"—he stumbled, but went on—"I did have a chat with MacGregor last week about that, but I don't know whether anything's going to come of it or not."

Lying. Lying to Helen rather than risk a discussion, rather than submit to the probing of his fears! . . .

Rufe, joggling his arm, brought him abruptly back to the mist-shrouded airport.

There came, far off, muffled by the fog, the faint drone of synchronized motors. Rufe's face lit up; he turned to Reed, relieved.

"Old Sit Tight."

Reed turned in the direction of the motors' drone. It was advancing steadily on. Tracy must be steering by compass. Suddenly Reed stiffened. The plane was fully two miles to the east. Its roar, loudest now, was directly abreast of them. But Tracy should be swinging to the right.

Straight on it went, passing them by, the roar diminishing to a drone again, fainter and fainter, dying away.

"He didn't see the airport at all," growled Rufe. "The fog must be thicker than we thought, or Tracy's gone haywire."

Abruptly, both men listened intently. Far off the drone was swelling again.

"He's seen New York and turned back," said Rufe, relieved. "This time he'll hit us sure."

But this time the plane slid ghostily by to the south, its motors increasing to a roar in the upper darkness, then subsiding to a whimper.

The man burst hurriedly out of Operations, rushed up.

"Tracy asked for the flood lights."

"Damn it!" snapped Rufe. "Didn't you tell him they were on?"

"Of course. He said he couldn't see them, then."

"Tell him we'll blink 'em, half a minute on, half a minute off, the next time he flies near us. If he sees 'em he's to blip his motors. And ask him what altitude he's flying and whether it's clear up there."

The messenger dashed away. Once more the roar of twelve hundred horse power swelled through the night, increasing in volume. This time the plane was going to pass directly overhead. As it came toward them, the flood lights blinked off and on, off and on, off and on.

Although they could see nothing, both men hopefully turned eyes upward, strained ears wide for blipping motors.

Steadily the motors purred on, roared loudly—they waited expectantly—purred past, dwindled to a whimper.

No signal. Nothing. Tracy couldn't see them; hadn't the slightest idea within a range of ten miles where the airport was. When the plane swung back, it passed to the west; when it reversed again, it passed to the east. The messenger rushed out from Operations.

"Tracy's at twenty-one hundred feet. Moonlight up there. Can't see our lights. Doesn't want to spiral down through the fog without knowing where he's at. He's got less than half an hour's gas—lost it fighting head winds. He'll land in the river, if he has to. Can just make out the water, in patches. That's a last resort—some of the passengers can't swim. There's eleven passengers aboard, three of 'em women, one a boy."

"Tell him to keep hunting for us to his last drop of gas," said Rufe quietly. "Tell him he's got a three-hundred-foot ceiling under the fog here."

The man ran back.

MINUTE after minute passed while the airliner searched back and forth blindly through the sky, hopelessly waiting for a gleam from below to pierce upward through the mist. First to one side, then to another, now directly overhead, it shuttled to and fro with monotonous regularity. Steadily the thirsty motors drained the tanks.

As the seconds ticked off, Reed felt an icy ring form around his heart. The seconds, adding up to minutes, seemed to tick off his life. None knew better than he what it meant to feel your unknown way down through treacherous mists, expecting each second to crash into eternity. Tracy would never chance it; it just wasn't in him. He'd take the river way, as the lesser of two evils.

Tommy couldn't swim, and if he could, what chance would a boy have in a cabin full of frightened, plunging men and women, all desperately escaping in the same second through a single exit?

Tracy couldn't have more than ten minutes' gas now; at any moment they'd hear him heading for the river.

The river— He could see Tommy struggling in the dark, swirling waters!

For a space that seemed hours he tried vainly to speak, but no sound came to his lips. Then, from some point far back in his brain, some long silent place, the words seemed to travel painfully all down the dark spoiled years.

"Rufe, lend me your plane."

"Sure," said Rufe heartily; "any time."

"Now, I mean." Reed nearly choked. "Tonight."

"Tonight?"

Rufe was looking at him in a funny way.

"I'm going upstairs," he jerked out finally. "Your plane. Lead Tracy down."

Rufe started to argue, but Reed cut him off like a knife:

"Get that message to Tracy quick, and a mech out to start this ship!"

He watched Rufe limp rapidly toward Operations, heard him yell for a mechanic—and turned himself deliberately toward Rufe's plane on the line.

HE started for it like a doomed man. Halfway there, his mind treacherously whispered that no one was looking—he could turn, slip to his car, get away from here, far away, never see a plane again.

He felt himself about to turn aside; closed his eyes.

Suddenly he began running—ran, ran, straight ahead, his breath coming in gasps through his set teeth as though he had run for miles. Blindly, his eyes tight closed, he ran.

But he couldn't keep them shut at last. Opened them. Knew he was going to swerve. Lunged for the cockpit.

There was the bang of a door, the sound of the mechanic's feet running toward him.

The inertia starter, under the helper's hand, was beginning to shriek. The shriek rose to a wail, a scream, a banshee's cry. The motor started, pooped, died.

He lurched frantically up. The safety belt jerked him harshly to the seat. The jar shook back his senses.

The starter was screaming again. This time the motor took.

A blast of air smacked him in the face; his head began to clear. The mech got down to remove the chocks. Mechanically he revved up the motor, looked at the oil pressure, noted that the altimeter was set at zero, idled the motor.

He forced his hand to the throttle, moved it relentlessly forward. The tiny ship responded to the gun, darted straight across the field, raced for a few more yards, tail high, lifted.

Just before he plunged up through the damp clinging mists, he took a final bearing on the airport, noted the compass reading, air speed, how quickly the altimeter was measuring his climb, the time.

He felt lost in a world of cotton wool, a soft impenetrable world of confusion, nothingness. He could see

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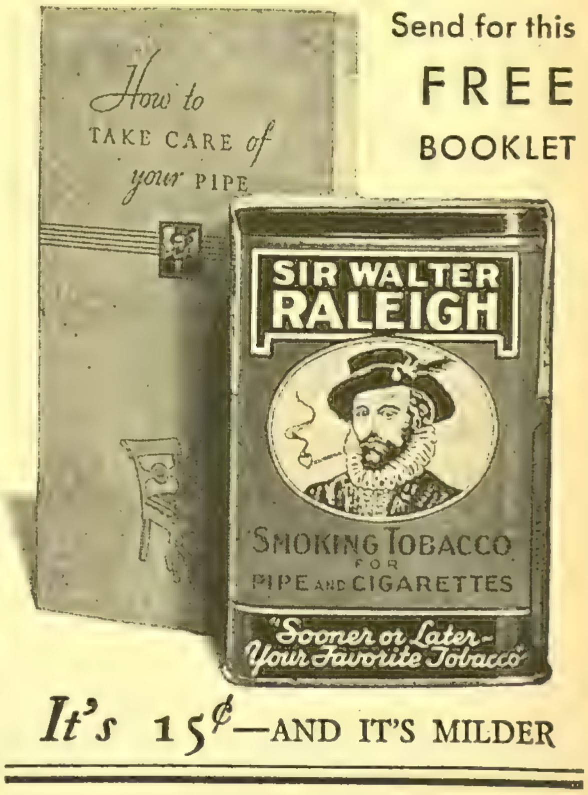
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a short distance only beyond the tips of each wing.

Then he came out with a rush from the fog into the moonlight. He felt like a man risen from the grave.

There, almost a mile off and too far over to the right, was the airliner. He watched Tracy swing out of his tight circle to meet him. He saw Tracy signal with his hand inside the lighted cockpit, and jockeyed up alongside the cabin.

There, his nose pressed to the glass, his eyes shielded from the interior light so he could see outside, sat Tommy, grinning with excitement. He couldn't keep from waving at him. He thought the boy answered.

Now he must plunge down into that ghostly death. Steadily, with certain skill, he must lead those fourteen lives through the black Styx of fog to earth again.

For the next three minutes he was in command. Captain Reed Gordon once more—life and death in the hollow of his hand!

HE shot four lengths ahead of Tracy, waggled his wings, and nosed down into a wide, shallow glide. The airliner followed slowly.

Just after they entered the fog he nearly lost the huge ship. Either he had unconsciously steepened his glide, or Tracy had slowed up. For an instant he saw nothing back of him. He eased the throttle; his heart stood still. Lumberingly it emerged, like a ghost.

He shortened his lead by half. The slow descent continued. They were swinging down in half-mile spirals.

They plunged through the fog ceiling not two hundred feet above the mud flats but heading away from the airport. Giving his motor quick gun to stem his descent, he nearly lost the airliner again, but flipped sharply around, almost catching his wingtip in the glistening mud, while Tracy brought his heavy plane slowly about in the dark, eerie mist.

Close to the ground they came swiftly into the radiance of millions of candle power. As the airliner sank slowly to the macadamized runway, Reed swung off to the right, climbed sharply, banked into a side slip, ruddered into it, and rolled up abreast the cabin plane as it rumbled leisurely to its berth on the flying line.

He could see the passengers rise slowly in their seats and straggle nonchalantly out, chattering idly, apparently unaware that they had ended anything but an ordinary airplane trip.

Then he saw his wife dart forward from the small crowd as Tommy stepped out of the cabin. Her face was the gladdest face he had ever seen.

She threw her arms around Tommy, drew him to her.

Rufe was bringing Helen and Tommy over to him.

He was astonished to find himself still sitting in Rufe's plane. He found himself laughing — laughing easily. He ran his hand tentatively along the padded edge of the cockpit. He found he liked the feel of it.

Suddenly he realized that he wasn't afraid to fly any more! Suddenly he was conscious of being a new person, as though different blood had poured into his heart, fresh electricity into his nerves, new confidence into the very marrow of his bones.

He knew, suddenly, he could do things. He'd start life afresh, see MacGregor in the morning, begin to live again.

He jumped lightly to the ground just as Helen rushed into his arms.

"I telephoned. They said the plane was late, and I couldn't bear waiting at home. Darling, you were—" She burst into tears.

He patted his wife awkwardly with one hand. Tommy was holding the other.

"Gee, dad, it was wonderful, flying up there above the clouds in the moonlight. Kinda like heaven. I'm awful glad you got to see a little bit of it, anyway."

Reed squeezed the boy's fingers understandingly, cupped the boy's chin in his hand, and gazed into his brown adventurous eyes.

"It *was* heaven, coming out of the fog like that, Tommy. We'll go up some of these days again, you and I."

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

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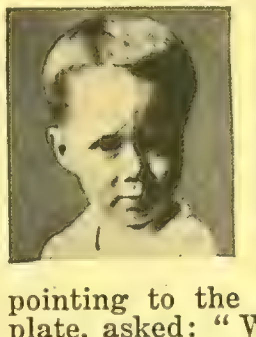
Right!



MURRAY was very fond of stories. He was also fond of a plate he had been given which contained pictures of animals and an alphabet on it.

One day at dinner a friend of the family, pointing to the alphabet on Murray's plate, asked: "What are they?"

Without hesitation came the answer: "They are what stories are made of!" —Elizabeth Vera Idol, 219 Hillcrest Drive, High Point, N. C.

Too Many Bosses

"SAY, dad," asked Edward, who thought he had been ordered around too much, "who's boss around here, anyway?"

"I am when I'm home, and your mother is when I'm at business," was the reply.

"Hmph!" came the answer. "Seems to me there's too many bosses and not enough people around here!"—Mrs. Elsie V. Soper, Box 102, Lebanon, N. J.

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

THIS girl went to war in a hobble skirt. The battles that Ernest Hemingway depicts in his Farewell to Arms were all eyewitnessed by her on the spot.

In 1914 Baroness Margit Mantica was a girl reporter for a Hungarian newspaper. "I want to be a war correspondent," she said when the big fight started. Nobody would listen to her. Not until one morning, just as she had put on her hobble skirt to go out shopping. "You're on your way to Montenegro," her editor phoned. She went that very minute—without even changing into more suitable clothes.

From then to the end of the war she marched with the fighting Hungarians and Austrians. Had plenty of adventures. Up on the Montenegrin front, riding in an officer's car beside a mountain lake, she said brightly, "Oh, look at the little fishes jumping out of the water."

"Lady," said the officer, "those aren't fishes. They're machine-gun bullets."

Margit Mantica experienced a particularly terrible phase of the war—the war in the Near East. She is writing and lecturing about it in this country now. She's an ardent pacifist. I asked her what one event had most of all converted her to pacifism. This is what she told me:

"Walking through a forest after a battle. Red clay up to my knees. Clay as red as blood. On the ground I saw a boy with the most classically beautiful face I ever had beheld. My first sight of him took me away from war and all its horrors—back to Ravenna in Italy, our enemy country. As an art student there I had fallen in love with Lombardi's famous statue called The Young Warrior. The boy on the ground in the red clay looked as deathless to me as Lombardi's marble warrior. Then I saw that black flies were eating the boy. I sat down beside him and fanned the flies away. With difficulty I realized at last that he was dead. Dead forever. My hatred of war was conceived in me at that moment."

Baroness Margit Mantica

DID you know that you should grow a little more than a quarter of a pound of hair on your head every year? That's what a big hair-ologist tells me. A bumper crop, he says, will tip the scales at nearly a pound. The yearly hair production of a thousand persons was weighed to get the figures necessary for this calculation.

Our rate of hair growth does not change much, I learn, after we pass the age of ten. A good many mothers ruin their children's hair by neglect or by improper treatment. Hair injuries can seldom be cured in less than five or six years. The average American enjoys healthier hair than the average European. That, I understand, is because Americans are less emotional. The big hair doctors think that tantrums make your hair fall out.

TO me, in exasperation, said a well-to-do woman whose daughter has reached the marriageable age:

"I hate this newfangled idea that parents must not be matchmakers. Of course I respect my daughter's independence and all that, and I believe in her right to the final decision. But it does seem ridiculous that we mothers and fathers of today should be accused of old-fashioned tyranny if we dare take any active, outspoken interest in our daughter's choice of a husband."

Come to think of it, the up-to-date attitude toward matchmaking parents is pretty absurd. I know how furtive, how cringing most mothers and fathers are now made to feel when they so much as mention their judgment of the boys and girls with whom their children are romping toward life partnerships. Today, unless you happen to be worth millions, unless your daughter will be a great heiress, matchmaking is looked upon as an obsolete and somewhat unwholesome practice.

For the very rich it is still considered respectable, but not for others. What a silly prejudice!

There is every reason in the world why parents of ordinary means should be interested actively in the marriages their children make. I can see no reason why parents should not feel free to contrive openly for the match they think advisable. It is true, of course, that matchmaking parents have in the past been guilty of mercenary choice and cruel method. But I think that the average parent of today can be trusted to act along liberal and sympathetic lines. Parents have changed, I believe, fully as much as children.

YOU know the perfume called Chypre? It came from the East originally. So did my ancestors. In my home the other night I thought I smelled smoke. Sniffed all around the house, but could find nothing burning. Discovered, with a foolish feeling, that what I smelled was my own chypre perfume. Then my husband, who has lived in the East, told me that chypre has the exact smell of burning camel chips—the smell that pervades the Orient. Russians are Orientals at heart. Smelling my own chypre perfume, did I remember, racially, the smell of my ancestors' desert fires?

A MUCH traveled friend has just explained the secret of her neat packing. "Envelopes," she says. Envelopes of various sizes, with elastic bands around them and labels to show what's in them.

Stockings in one envelope, gloves in another, undies, nighties, etc.—all in their own Manila-paper envelopes. A clever trick, say I.

FROM Paris I hear that our summer dresses will have buttons even more symbolical than Schiaparelli's famous dollar-sign clips. This year's novelty buttons will take the form of miniature life buoys and anchors of mother-of-pearl or galatite.

Another of the new buttons is shaped like a starfish. Life buoys are my choice.

AMONG the new novels I like Phyllis Bottome's very modern romance, The Advances of Harriet. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Born *to* Raise Hell

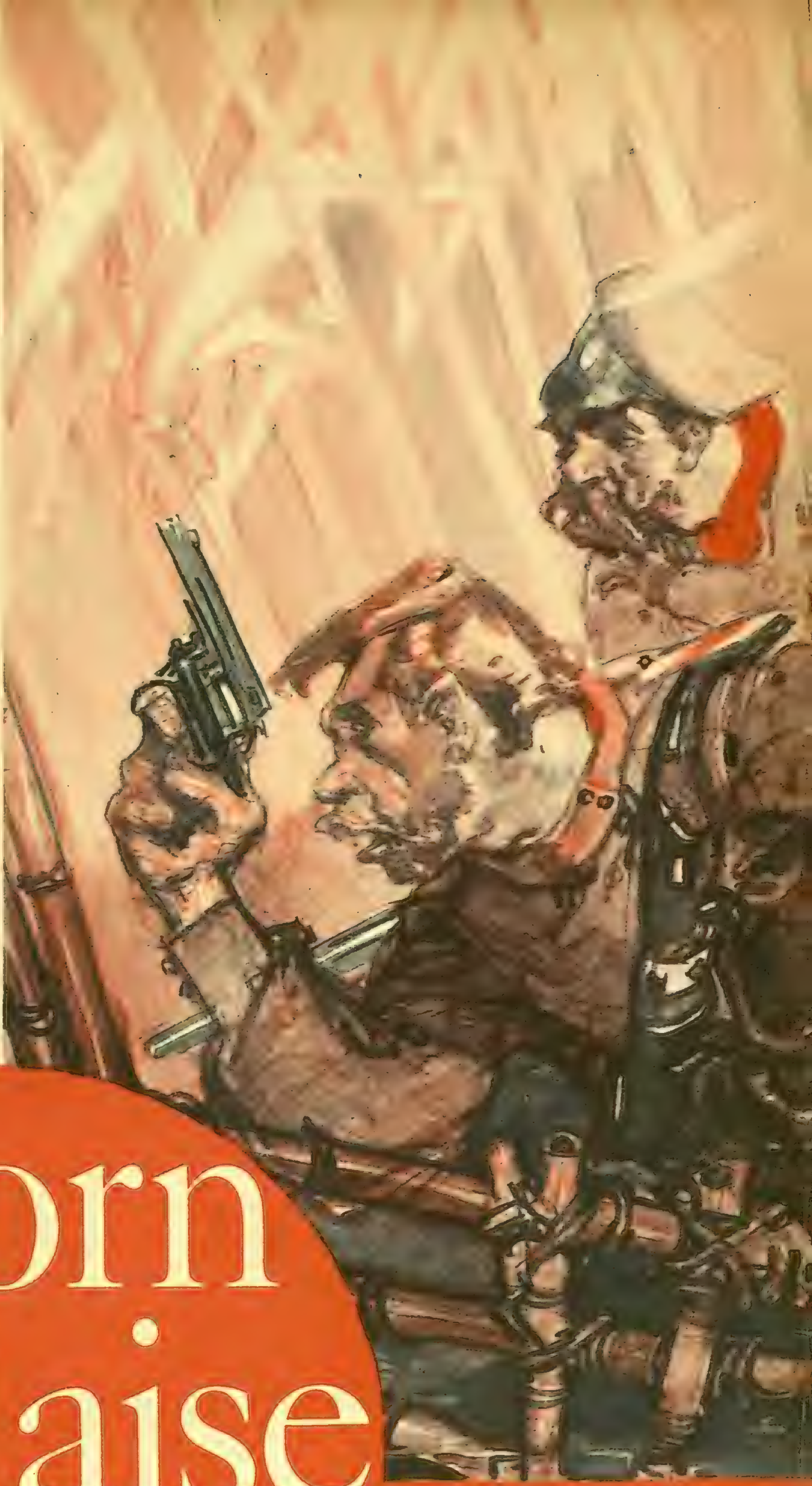
By

TEX O'REILLY

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



The Boxer Rebellion—Shot Down by a Sniper—A Medical Hero and Four Russian Die-Hards—Bouncer, Policeman and Drillmaster

(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

CONTINUING his adventures as a youngster in the Philippine Scouts, Tex O'Reilly, veteran of eight wars and most famous of living soldiers of fortune, told in last week's installment how he once had to chew a burning fuse for dear life, and thereby prevented the insurrectos from dynamiting a bridge; how, when challenged in the darkness by some lost Negro soldiers, he saved his skin by singing a love song; how he shot it out across a table with Renegade Jack, the bad man of Vigan.

He told how he escorted a "typical Gibson girl" from home to a heartbreaking reunion with her American fiancé, gone native; how he himself and a lovely Filipino girl walked two miles through the moonlight in mortal fear of a bandit who had just sworn to kill him; how a plucky native scout, Fernando, rescued him by tackling a murderous bolo man.

Tex then began the story of the death trap of San Quentin Pass, in which a patrol consisting of two American and twenty-five native scouts, headed by a mounted lieutenant, was ambushed by Juan Villamor, insurrecto leader, with three hundred men. The lieutenant galloped back for reënforcements. Tex was left in command. As he was disposing his meager forces, "a little Filipino kid," he said, "rose up from behind a rock and shot at me point-blank."

PART THREE—FOOT-LOOSE IN CHINA

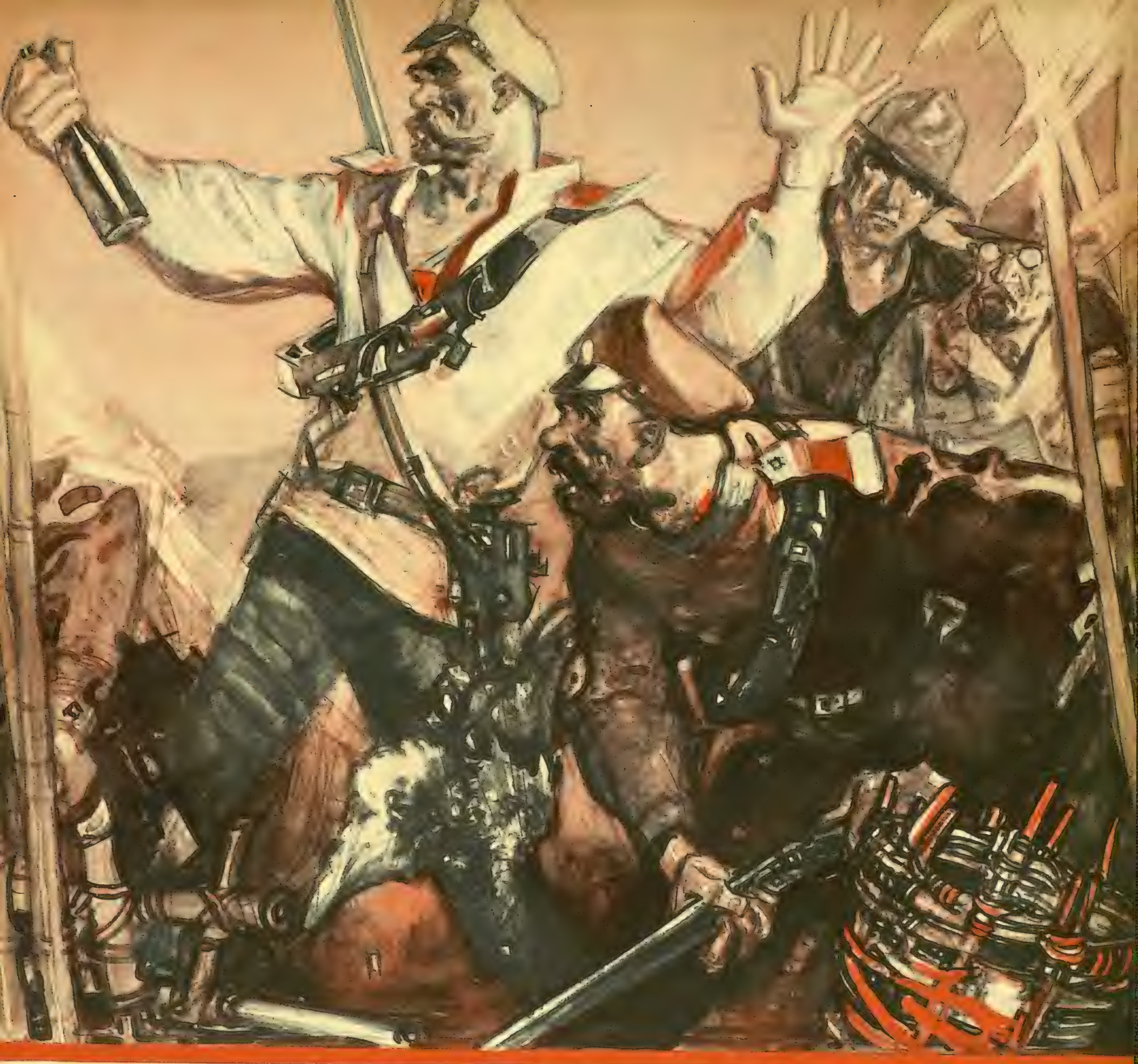
ONE of my scouts killed him the same instant. He was not more than fifteen years old, and he had been lying hidden, wounded, both legs broken by bullets. Yet he rose up and shot me, and he knew he'd be killed when he did it. Those Filipinos are great fighters.

Luckily he was weak. The bullet went through my leg just above the ankle, messed up the bones and cut a cord. I signaled to Duncan and pulled the whole outfit down into the pass, to get them together. I could see we were up against fully ten times our own number.

Two or three hundred yards behind us, right in the middle of the cañon, there was a pile of boulders thirty or forty feet high. We got in among them before I missed one of our men.

Fernando, the same little Tagalog who had tackled the Katipunan killer that night in Santa Maria, looked out and saw him before I did. He was lying two hundred yards up the cañon, and without saying anything Fernando ran back to him. He turned the man over, knelt down and examined him, made sure he was dead, then took his cartridge belt and rifle and came back. During that trip he was shot through the leg.

I put a first-aid bandage on him, and he got up and



Out came four Russian soldiers. They were big fellows, drunk and dirty. We could not talk to them, but they could see what was up. Motioning us to go on, they spread out across the road, lay down and opened fire.

went to shooting. Before I got my own leg bandaged he was shot through the lung. I was fixing him up as well as I could when I heard another bullet hit. You can always tell by the sound when a bullet hits a man.

We didn't have a chance in the world of doing anything but fight as long as we lasted. We were surrounded. Three more were killed, but the rest of us stuck in those rocks and fought for four hours.

Then we heard cavalry. The insurrectos saw them first and began to back out immediately. Firing died down, and up the road came General Hare at the head of the Regimental Mounted Scouts of the Thirty-third Infantry. He was wearing a little straw hat and white civilian clothes. He had been at a dinner party when the lieutenant gave the alarm in Vigan.

We carried the wounded back to the hospital in Vigan, and the doctors pulled Fernando through. I was lame for a year afterward, but able to keep on hiking.

I got a little furlough and a pass down to Manila, and there I met General Lawton. I had been under his command when the Scouts were first organized. He said:

"Well, you've been at it pretty steadily for a long time, and at headquarters this morning we had a request for a detail for transport guard. If you'd like a little trip and a month's leave in San Francisco I'll have you detailed."

That tickled me to death. I had a glorious time in San Francisco and then started back to the Philippines. The Boxer trouble broke out while we were at sea. There was no wireless in those days, and we knew nothing about it until we touched at Nagasaki, the last port out of Manila. Then we were ordered up to Tientsin. Our load of supplies was diverted to the American troops fighting in China. When we came up the river the fighting was on the plains northeast of Tientsin. The Boxers had attacked the city, and a small force under British Admiral Seymour and Commodore McCullough of the American navy had beaten them off and tried to advance toward Peking, but had been stopped by overwhelming numbers of Boxers. They retreated and were besieged in Tientsin until just before we arrived. Japanese, Russian, French, and American troops had landed and broken the siege, and when we came up the river they were forming a line to advance and relieve the besieged legations in Peking.

There were only fifteen or sixteen of us on board the Logan—just a transport guard. But the Sixth Cavalry had come up from the Philippines, and the Ninth Infantry, and Reilly's battery. There in Tientsin I met Captain Reilly for the last time. He stopped me on the street and we talked for quite a while.

He was killed a few weeks later in the attack on Peking. The Americans tried to blow up the gate of the walled city, and failed. Then Captain Reilly ran his guns right up to it and blew it open with solid shot. He was standing in front of the gate with a hand on the wheel of each gun when he was killed.

He was a real soldier, a fine officer. He was one of the best fighting men I ever knew. His son was afterward Brigadier General Reilly in the World War.

I went out on the plains northeast of Tientsin as orderly with Captain Lawton, a nephew of General Lawton who was delivering the Logan's cargo of supplies to the American troops. We were with the Sixth Cavalry when he sent me across to the Ninth Infantry to ask Colonel Liscum to send all available transportation back to a new field depot.

It was a trip of only a couple of miles across country, and they told me to follow a little creek. They did not know they were sending me, alone, across the line of the Chinese advance.

It was rainy, nasty weather, muddy underfoot, and mists from the rice fields were drifting around. I followed the creek until I came to a bend in it, and then I took the short cut across the rice paddies. There were scattering shots, but I did not pay much attention to them. I thought there were a few stray Chinese around; I didn't know that they were advance sharpshooters of the Chinese force. One of them shot me through my game leg.

I went down in the mud, and it was some time before I was able to crawl out of the rice field into a road. The wound was pretty bad. I was losing a lot of blood, but the shooting was getting worse and I didn't stop. I crippled along as fast as I could, still thinking the Ninth Infantry wasn't far away.

Two or three hundred yards down the road was a Chinese farm, a group of three or four little mud huts. Before I got to it the shooting was so hot that I expected a fight. I thought every minute that our troops would open up an answering fire in front of me. My gun was jammed up with mud, so when I came to the deserted huts I went into one of them, and before I paid any attention to my wound I cleaned the gun.

I was sitting on the mud floor cleaning the gun and watching the rice fields outside, when I saw a little American coming alone and unarmed across the fields. I hailed him, and he came in.

HE was a doctor named Harris. He had been taking care of the Russian wounded and he had come out to make sure that none of them were left behind. The Russians had withdrawn and left him out there, and he was looking for our troops, who had not yet come up. He had a medicine kit, but no arms at all, not even a pistol.

He put a first-aid bandage on my leg and fixed up a crutch for me, and by that time about two hundred Boxers were coming up the road. When we came out of the hut they began firing at us.

I was so weak from loss of blood that I could hardly go. Harris was a little, slight fellow and I was a heavy six-footer, but he put his shoulder under my armpit and helped me along. We staggered down the road, the Chinese rapidly gaining on us and shooting, and I saw we couldn't make it. We were miles from help and nobody knew we were out there in trouble.

There was no sense in our both being killed, so I told Harris to go on and leave me. I said:

"I can't walk, but I've got a gun and can fight. You aren't armed and can't fight, so this is the thing to do: You leave me here, under cover, and I'll hold them off while you go ahead and send help out to me."

That way of putting it gave him an out. He could always tell himself that he had not deserted me, but had gone to get help. But he knew I didn't have a chance against the Boxers, and he wouldn't do it.

He was scared. He had never been in a fight; I don't suppose he had even been under fire before. But he was a doctor and he would not quit on his job. He said no; he would not abandon a wounded man.

We got a couple of hundred yards down the road, hobbling along, and the Chinese were close to us by that time. Why none of their bullets hit us I don't know. We came to another little group of huts, and it was as good a place as we'd find to make a last stand. I said we would go in there. Just as we got to the gate, out of the courtyard came four big Russian soldiers, drunk.

They had been looting through these Chinese houses. Their blouses bulged with loot; all of them had bottles of booze, and one had a bunch of chickens tied under his belt. They were big, yellow-bearded fellows, drunk and dirty, and they came out and surrounded us. We could not talk to them, but they could see what was up.

Motioning us to go on, they spread out across the road and lay down and opened fire on the Chinese.

I WAS so weak I could hardly stay on my feet. The little doctor dragged me along step by step. He struggled and tugged me down the road to the creek, and across a little bridge, and we staggered along that creek for a mile before we came to the Ninth Infantry.

The Russians stuck there, held up the Chinese, and fought till every one of them was killed. They stuck it out, four against two hundred. They would not quit.

I always thought that was a good illustration of the difference between bravery and courage. The Russians were brave, but the doctor had a high quality of courage.

His name is Harris, Dr. Harris, and he is practicing in Detroit now.

That ended the war in China for me. The wound laid me up and I was sent back to the Philippines. But Aguinaldo had been captured, and the war was dying out. There was a lot of hiking but not much fighting, and after a time we were bored. Most of us were sick. All through the rainy season there was nothing but rain and mud and sickness and death.

Then Harvey Neville and Frank O'Leary and I were sore about promotions. We had been with the Scouts from the start, and all we had was lieutenants' commissions. Men from the States who had never seen the Islands were appointed over our heads. We took our discharges.

I left the Philippines on a transport bound for San Francisco. It stopped in Kobe, and there in the Seaman's Mission I met a young Jap named Namikawa, who spoke good English. He was on a vacation, and I had plenty of money and wanted to see Japan, so I hired him to show me around.

When his vacation ended we went back to Kobe. He wanted to start a night school where office workers could learn English. So we started the O'Reilly School. I was the teacher.

Right away we had classes. The boys and girls learned quickly but they could not pay much, and in a month or two I began to be tired of sleeping on mats and eating Japanese grub. Then one day a Japanese named Tachiban came to see me.

He had been a cook on foreign ships and he was running a restaurant in Kobe. In big letters across the front of his restaurant he had his sign:

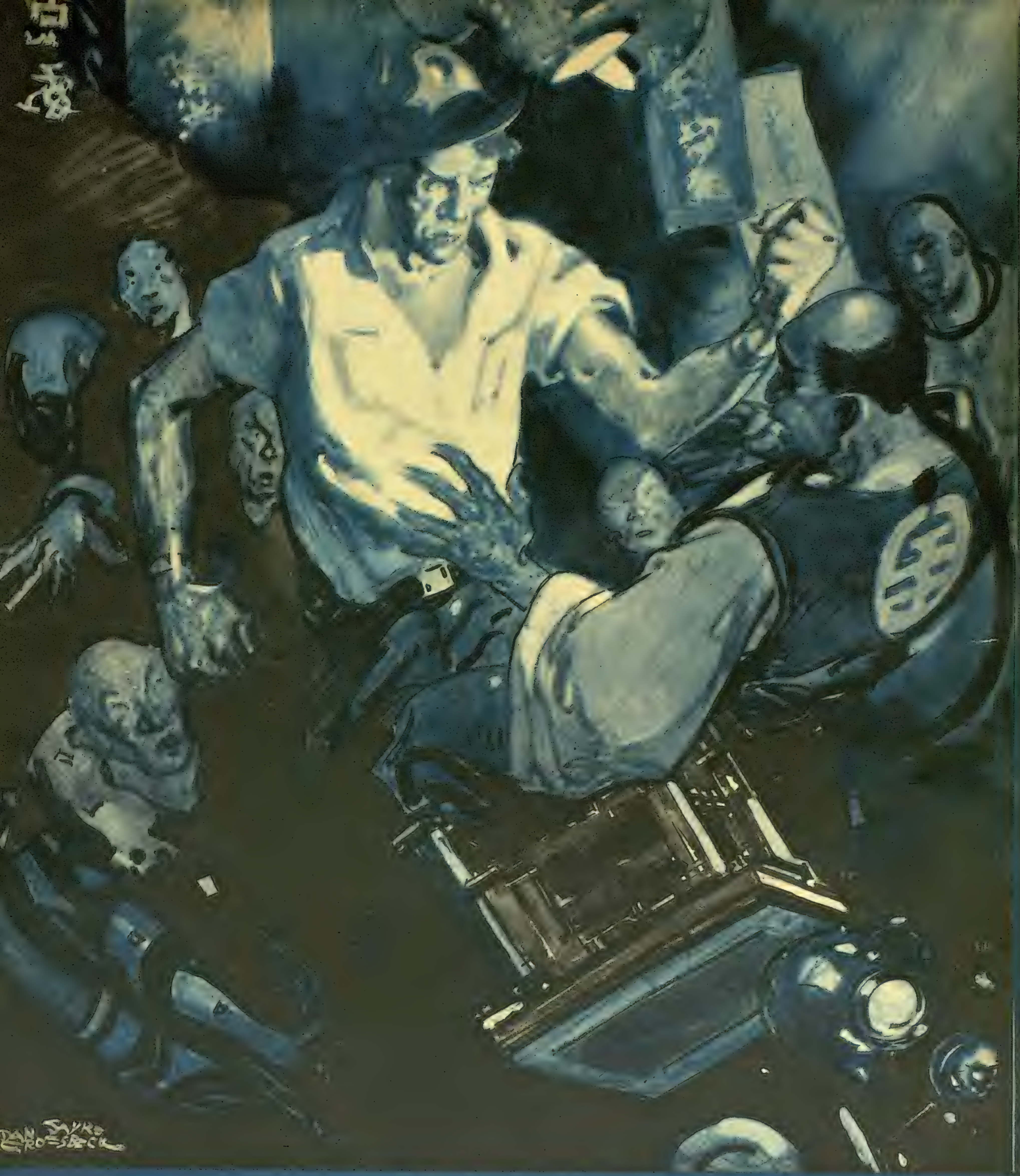
TACHIBAN FOREIGN MAN RESTAURANT TO GET
READY QUICK INSIDE

He wanted an American name on it. If I would allow him to put my American name on, he would give me free board of foreign chow.

I agreed, and the new sign was put up:

TACHIBAN AND O'REILLY TO GET READY QUICK INSIDE

After that I took all my meals at his place, and Tachiban was a pretty good cook. Then the Rev. Makin offered



Chinese were boiling up around me. They closed in like a flock of squawking birds.

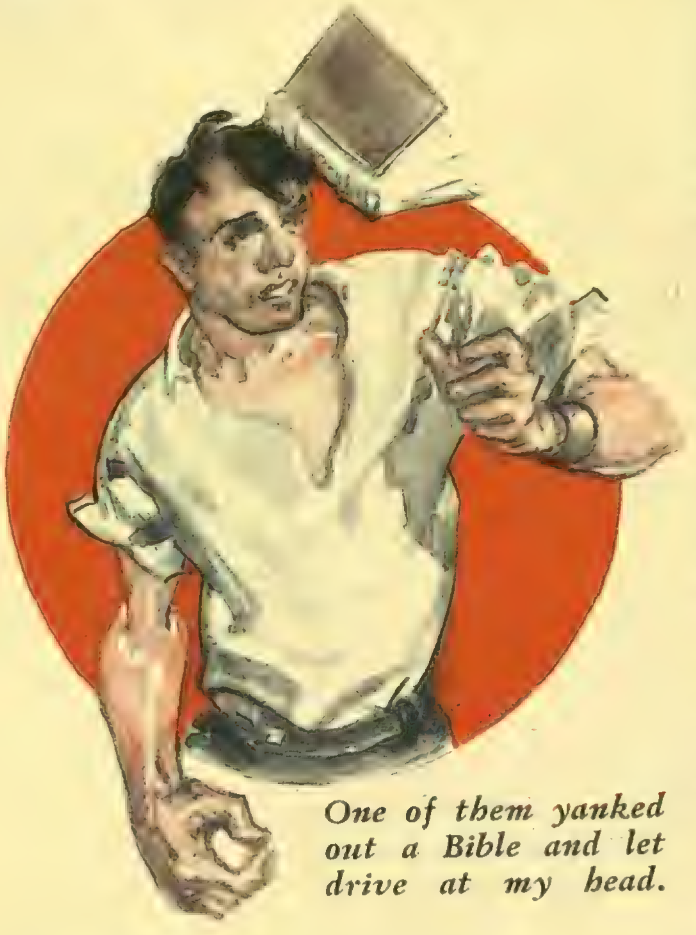
me a job that included a foreign room and a real bed. The Rev. Makin was a Church of England man who had charge of the Seaman's Mission in Kobe. He had a church in Kobe and the mission was run by a young English assistant. It was a tough place. All the sailors used to go there, and the seal poachers from Hakodate. One night they beat up the young Englishman and threw him out, and he refused to go back. So the Rev. Makin offered me the job of running the mission in connection with my school.

For about a week everything was fine. Then some warships came into the harbor. One of the firemen came into the mission drunk and raised a row, and I threw him out on his ear.

The next night I was sitting peacefully in my room and I heard all hell break loose downstairs. I ran down, and there was the fireman with eleven other bluejackets, wrecking the place. One was on the piano, dancing a jig along the keyboard in his hobnailed boots.

I didn't have time to open my mouth. They began cursing me, and one of them was just attacking our bookcase full of Bibles. He yanked out a Bible and let drive at my head.

I backed out and slammed the door, and they locked it. That made me mad. I ran upstairs and got my army pistol out of the suitcase, and I came back and kicked the door down and fired a couple of shots into the mission floor. Then I was boss.



One of them yanked out a Bible and let drive at my head.

I made those roughnecks march around and pick up everything, put every Bible and paper in place, straighten up the tables and chairs, and make a neat pile of the wrecked ones. I made them dust the piano. I began to see the dilemma I was in, so I lined them up and made them salute me. But I couldn't keep them there forever.

As soon as they got out they turned around and heaved up the cobblestones out of the street and they completely smashed the whole front of the mission. Next day the Rev. Makin fired me. That was my only experience as a missionary.

I was tired of Kobe and I decided to go down to Nagasaki and get on a transport bound for San Francisco. On the way I was cleaned out, frisked, by a white man, a machinist who was out of a job and whose fare to the coast I was paying.

Eventually I landed in Shanghai with a good suit of clothes, a six-shooter, and fifteen cents. That was all I had in the world. But right away I ran into Frank O'Leary and the little red-whiskered fighting Scotch sea captain, Hector MacAllister. They were now in the bodyguard of the Emperor of Korea, and they wanted me to join and go with them to Seoul.

The Emperor of Korea was desperately trying to maintain Korean independence against the Japanese. At that time, in 1901, he was surrounded by Japanese spies and Japanese threats. So he decided to get a foreign bodyguard. Really, he intended to make it the nucleus of a Korean army that could fight the Japanese.

Through his agents in Shanghai he got Captain Bill Young to organize it.

BILL YOUNG was a remarkable man. He was captain of one of the sealing ships that poached in forbidden waters off the Siberian coast. He had been a noted sheriff in the California mining camps, and all through the East he was known as the boss of the poaching fleet. He was partly Scandinavian, stood over six feet, and looked like a viking. Poaching seals in Russian waters was a man's-sized job, and those sealers were the hardest bunch of men in the world. Every year they came down to Hakodate in northern Japan to sell their season's catch of pelts, and when they came in the Japanese police backed right out of town and left it to them. Hakodate was a wild town when the sealers were in—till Captain Bill Young took hold. He became the ruler of Hakodate. He was law and order in that town. Everybody respected his honesty and his judgment, but if anybody didn't accept his decision, he enforced it.

In Shanghai he organized the emperor's bodyguard. O'Leary was first lieutenant, Hector MacAllister was second lieutenant, and I was first sergeant. There were sixty of us, all white men, adventurers around the China seas, and Captain Bill Young made a contract with the Korean government by which each man was to receive $100 a month for a year.

Everything was set, and we all went up to Chemulpho. Seoul, the capital, is about forty miles inland and Chemulpho is its seaport. We landed, and we were informed that our services were no longer required. The Japanese had spanked the emperor and told him he could not have a bodyguard.

We talked over the situation. We strongly objected to being fired, we could not see any reason why we should be, and Captain Bill decided we would not be.

We were all well armed and we walked into a hotel near the railway station and informed the proprietor that we were taking possession in the name of the emperor. We chased out all the guests and moved in. Then we notified the emperor that we reported for duty and were awaiting his orders.

THE emperor was prodded up by the Japanese to try to get rid of us. He sent down a detachment of police and we disarmed the police and chased them out. Then the consuls began coming, one after another. They raved and stormed and told Bill Young we had to get out, but he did not see it that way.

We were comfortably settled in the hotel and were signing for everything in the emperor's name. Everything was run in strict military manner; sentries were posted, guard changed regularly.

Captain Bill Young was a real commanding officer. There was a little bar in the hotel; he took all the hard liquor and locked it up. He said, "There will be no drinking here, except beer."

A squad went out and commandeered a whole wagonload of beer, gave the driver a receipt in due form, and we had all we wanted to drink, but nobody got drunk.

Two or three consuls came and threatened to land Japanese marines. Captain Bill said:

"Go ahead. We'll fight them." He said, "We are the emperor's bodyguard. If Japanese marines land on Korean soil, of course we'll fight them."

We did not think they would dare land Japanese marines. There was too much international jealousy. Meanwhile, representatives of all the European powers were holding conferences about us, appointing committees, and cabling to their Foreign Offices. Nearly every day somebody or other sent us a long ultimatum, which we tore up, or an official note, to which Captain Bill replied:

"We are the emperor's official bodyguard."

This went on for two weeks. Finally all the consuls came in a body and told Bill Young that this was an impossible situation. Sixty men could not set up an armed garrison in Korea and defy all the great powers. It was piracy. Bill Young said:

"We are hired as the emperor's bodyguard, and we are acting as such. We have come here to Chemulpho and reported for duty and we are awaiting orders. Everything we have taken is paid for with chits, properly signed in the emperor's name. That is not piracy."

They said, "But you're fired."

He said, "Oh, no, we can't be fired. We have a year's contract."

The British consul stood up, grim and white. "Very well," he said, "I have authority to land British troops, and I shall land them."

We did not believe the Japanese would let British troops land in Korea. But whether they did or not, Captain Bill Young was not a man to back down. He said:

"Well, there is a simple way to settle this question. The Korean government signed a contract with me, guaranteeing every man here a year's wages of twelve hundred dollars. I am responsible to these men for that amount. Until it is paid we stay right here. And if you want to land troops," he said, "land them."

The consuls went away, and in a couple of days our checks arrived. They were made payable only through the Shanghai branch of the Hongkong bank. We went out of Chemulpho on the next boat.

We landed at Woosung about noon and came fourteen miles up the Whangpoo to Shanghai on a tender. Every man was anxious to get his check cashed before the bank closed at three o'clock. When the tender docked, the sixty of us charged across the Bund with a yell, and the bank officials thought it was a raid. They tried to close the doors in our faces, but we rushed in. The bank's whole staff was under the furniture. We lined up peaceably in front of the paying teller's window and yelled for service, and he took in our checks and handed out $72,000 to us.

The next few days are history in Shanghai. Everybody was drunk. When I sobered up I was broke, and I got a job as bouncer in a Chinese theater.

The theater, on Foochow Road, the Broadway of Shanghai, was a big modern one owned by a Wonk—a half-breed. His theater was called modern because in the classic Chinese theaters a play ran for a week or more, but we gave a complete show every night. So we had no standing as a legitimate theater. Our place ranked far down in the scale, and it was a hang-out for roughs and toughs and gangsters. They were every kind of human creature that the China coast produces.

A BALCONY ran around the sides of the immense barn of a place, and they sat on the balcony drinking samshu, Chinese booze. They threw the teacups at the actors and beat up the waiters, and then I'd bounce them. Every few minutes I would sail into some kind of a row, get four or five of our patrons by the pigtails and drag them down the aisle and throw them out.

I got five dollars a night for bouncing them and I kept the job about a week. Then I got a chance to go on the police force, so I quit my job as retail bouncer.

But I evidently had been a success at it. When I told the Wonk owner that I was quitting, he made me an interesting proposition. He said my method of bouncing had attracted a lot of favorable attention. Everybody enjoyed it, and his trade had picked up. He offered to double my pay if I would stay, and he said he would hire half a dozen gangsters to raise a really big row three or four times a week and let me throw them out for the edification of the audience.

But I refused, and went off to be a policeman on the Shanghai Bund.

There were about eighty white men on the force, and every man of them had to be more than six feet tall. We lived in Police Headquarters at the end of Foochow Road. Each man had a section of the city to police and a number of Sikhs and Chinese under his command.

One day they told me that I would have to do double duty and stay on the job all night because there would be an eclipse of the moon. I thought they were kidding me. But that night we all turned out, and I never had such an experience in my life.

THE Chinese can predict an eclipse just as well as we can. They know all about eclipses. But what they know and what they believe has no more connection in the Chinese mind than it has in ours. They believe that an eclipse is a dragon in the sky swallowing the moon, and that if they don't scare him to death the moon will be gone forever.

When that shadow began to creep over the moon a million and a half Chinese went crazy. Millions of firecrackers were going off and everybody was screaming, screeching, beating gongs and drums and barrels, and kicking empty kerosene cans over the cobbles.

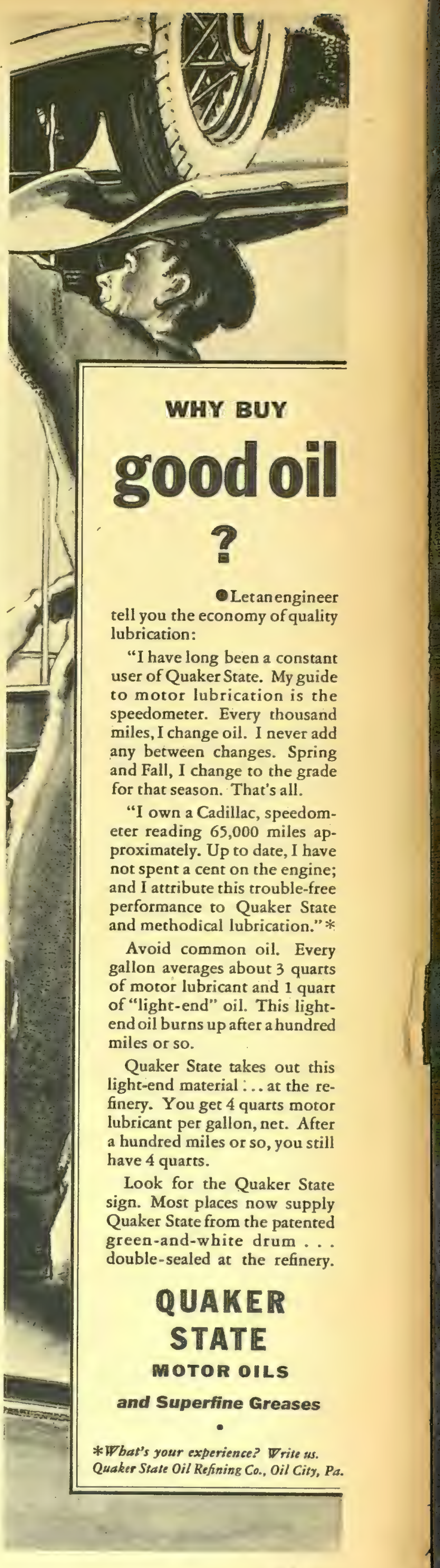
It was forbidden to light a firecracker in the Settlement. Outside the Bund were miles of crowded wooden houses and bamboo shacks, and there was danger of fire. The whole police force was out and the whole fire department, and we were supposed to keep a million Chinese from lighting a firecracker.

We had hundreds under arrest, but they would keep it up. All night long we were chasing them, and there was one fellow I chased for an hour. He'd pop out with a giant firecracker, set it off, and duck into an alley, and he got away every time. I couldn't tell which house he came out of. Finally I sent a Chinese policeman to come in at one end of the alley while I went in at the other. I thought we would corner the fellow, and sure enough we did.

He came out again. I was waiting. I went sneaking up on him, to collar him as soon as he lighted the firecracker. He lit it, looked around and saw the Chinese policeman. He turned to run, and he saw me. He threw that giant firecracker right at my middle, and when it hit me it exploded.

I thought I'd been kicked over by a mule, and before I knew what had happened, darned if that fellow wasn't gone again. I never did catch him.

Of course I arrested a good many men and had a few little difficulties while I was a policeman, but I made only one capture that was a sensation, and I did not deserve credit for that. A Chinese detective told me where to find the man.



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He was a notorious leader of a gang of river pirates. His specialty was kidnaping little coolie boys and tearing out their eyes. With the eyes he made a medicine which his gang sold to wives of wealthy mandarins to insure their having sons.

One evening a Chinese detective on our staff told me that some Chinese gangsters were drinking in a certain samshu joint and he suspected one of them was this river pirate.

The joint was in a narrow alley off Foochow Road, only a block from police headquarters, and the detective asked me to watch it while he ran for help.

I was standing at the end of the alley and I saw a Chinese look furtively out of the door. He pulled in his head when he saw me, and in a minute two or three fellows came out and hurried away. I was afraid we would lose our man, so I rushed into the joint.

Half a dozen Chinese jumped up chattering and tried to escape in every direction. Somebody threw a teapot at my head, and a tall Chinaman in silks was rushing for a side door. I knew our man was tall, so I swiped this fellow behind the knees with my baton and before he could get up I had the handcuffs on him.

Chinese were boiling up around me, squealing and screeching and chattering. They closed in like a flock of squawking birds with their yellow claws. Luckily the detective came trotting with two white policemen and a squad of Chinese police. They rushed the mob and got me out of it, and we took the prisoner to the station.

He was positively identified, and the police department turned him over to the Chinese authorities for trial. They sentenced him to death by exhaustion.

In the street outside the walled city they built a cage of slats. It had a flat top, fitted around his neck, and he stood on a pile of thin tiles, each tile no thicker than a quarter of an inch. He could not reach the sides of the cage nor any support. Only the top of the cage fitted under his chin.

And they fed him, they gave him anything he wanted to eat or drink. But every morning they took away one of the tiles from beneath his feet. On the thirteenth day he went crazy. He lived through the twenty-first day, and when he died he was standing on tiptoe, every muscle strained, and all his weight was on his neck. It was the most horrible thing I ever saw.

One day Captain Boisragan, the acting chief of police, sent for me and asked me if I would like to organize a small Chinese army.

The Taotai of Kiangsu Province wanted an up-to-date bodyguard. He had inspected the troops of all the Western nations in Shanghai, and he liked the American marines.

So he sent for Captain Boisragan and asked him if he had a policeman who was an ex-American soldier and could drill a company like the American marines. I was the only policeman who had been an American soldier, and I got the job.

THE old taotai was a large man, extremely fat, with an amiable, good-natured face and intelligent eyes. He always wore marvelously embroidered Chinese silks, and he had the yellow jacket of the highest-grade mandarin of the scholar class, which meant that he had gone up through all the grades and passed the highest examinations. Very few Chinese outside the royal family were entitled to wear the yellow jacket.

He had no foreign education at all, but he had been in contact with foreigners all his life. The old fox understood English and French fairly well, but rarely admitted it and always had an interpreter with him.

About four miles outside the walled city he had a little arsenal and a machine shop. He gave me a comfortable, large house and a drilling ground near the arsenal. I had three house boys and a ricksha coolie, and he paid me well besides.

So I started my little army and I was the whole show. I was drill sergeant, captain, commander in chief, and secretary of war. I even designed the uniforms. The taotai sent me about a thousand men to pick from, and I began with one hundred and twenty-eight men, the standard American company in those days. I picked them for their size. But they could not understand what I wanted, and I could not talk Chinese.

I had studied it for four months in Shanghai, but when I came to the place where a sound between a sneeze and a buzz meant "water," "hot water," "cold water," and "yes," I gave up in despair. I saw missionaries who had spent fifteen years trying in vain to learn it. And even if I learned, it would be only the Shanghai dialect, no good a few miles away.

I couldn't get anywhere trying to drill those Chinese through interpreters. We spent hours going in circles, till finally I taught the men the English words of command. They learned them in no time, and soon I had them drilling. Then I taught them drill by whistles—open order, skirmish, close order. And I had a fine company. The old taotai was delighted.

So I was in command of the guard of the Royal Prince of China when he came through Shanghai on his way to Berlin. That whole situation was the most amazing thing I have ever known in my life.

DURING the Boxer uprising in Peking the German minister, Baron von Ketteler, had been killed. The German troops did not arrive till most of the fighting was over, but they made up for the delay. They killed hundreds of Chinese, looted systematically right and left, carried off the ancient astronomical instruments, collected a whopping enormous indemnity, annexed Kiaochow, and then as a climax of punishment they demanded that the Empress Dowager send a royal prince to Berlin to kowtow to the Kaiser.

No more terrible disgrace could be imagined, and it meant the end of the dynasty. The Empress could survive defeat, humiliation, the looting of the Forbidden City, the destruction of China's temples and archives and art, but if she sent the Son of Heaven to kowtow to the barbarians, it would be all over with her reign. And the Germans knew it. The Empress and the mandarins did everything possible to resist the demand, but the Kaiser insisted. He would be satisfied with nothing else. And the troops were there and the gunboats.

They forced the old Empress to submit and the prince started on his journey. He came down to Shaighai and stopped at the taotai's house, and I was in command of the guard.

I had seen something of Chinese aristocrats. Often the taotai sent for me in the evenings, and I had met his friends and played chess with them. Mandarins often came up from the lowest ranks of society, but I never met one who did not behave with the most polished courtesy. I expected the Son of Heaven to be something superior to any of them.

He was about twenty-two years old—only a year older than I—and he was a blaze of glory. His costumes were most gorgeous, and he changed them five or six times a day.

He was escorted by a staff of mandarins, and a guard of fourteen eunuchs surrounded him at all times. It was a magnificent spectacle.

But the prince turned out to be a bad actor. He insulted everybody. He had fits of temper, flung dishes at the heads of the mandarins, and stormed and raged.

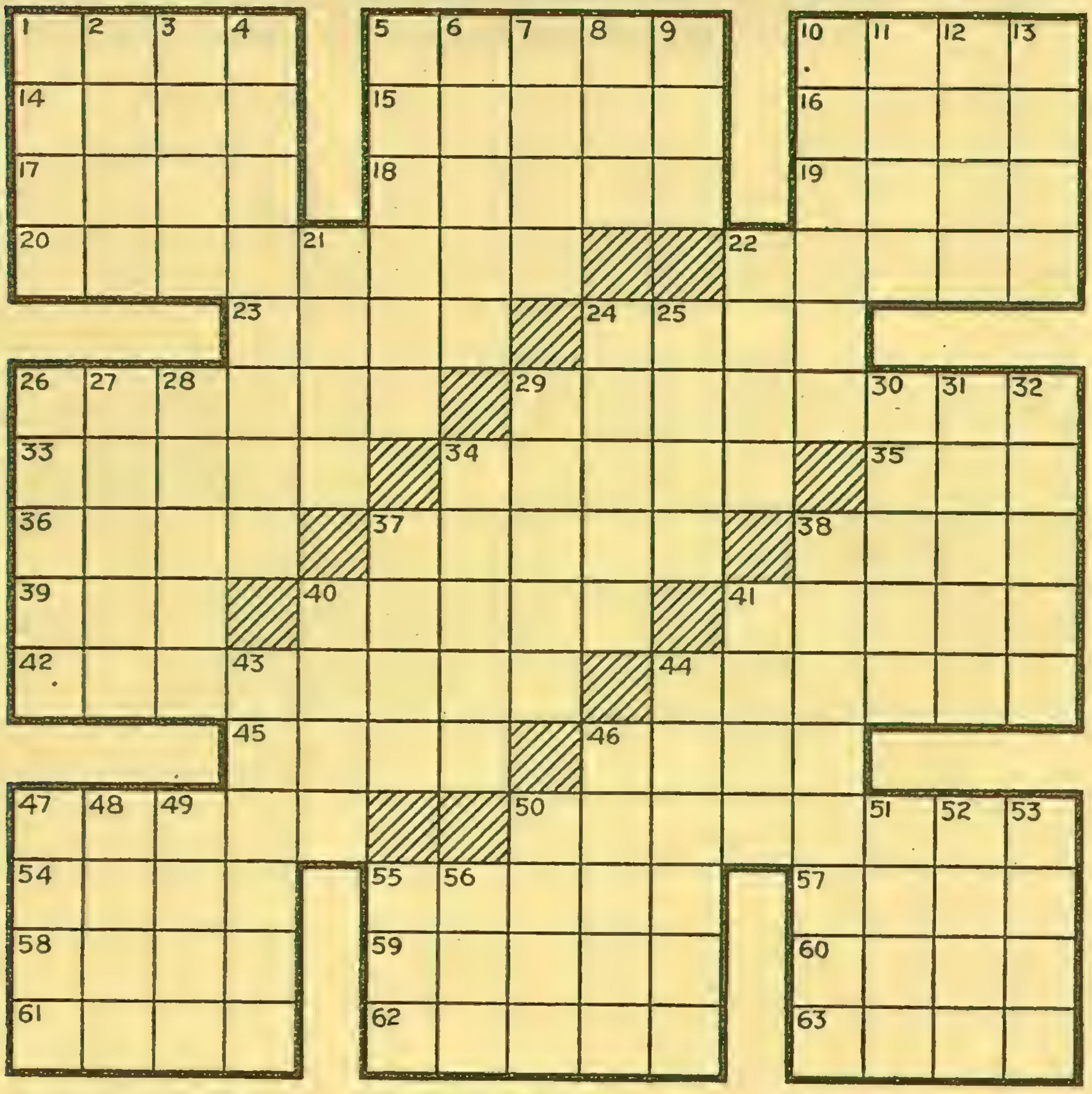
Most of the time he was drunk. His behavior was scandalous.

Of course all the foreign diplomats in Shanghai came in a body to make a formal call upon the prince. Their arrival was announced in advance and everything prepared to receive them properly. The mandarins put on their most splendid court robes and my guard was turned out in extra fine form. But that morning the prince demanded singsong girls.

The astonishing and ludicrous outcome of the prince's humiliating visit to Berlin, with its grim consequences to the royal visitor as Tex witnessed them, will be disclosed in next week's installment of Born to Raise Hell. Other high lights will be Tex's discovery of a courageous old missionary holding out alone in the heart of a China inflamed against "foreign devils," and Tex's ill-fated effort to modernize his Chinese soldiers all at once—by cutting off their pigtails!

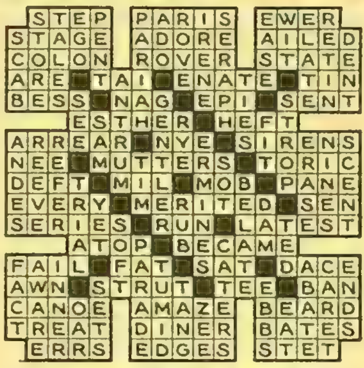
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A sharp narrow spade
5 A stalk or stem of grain
10 A European mountain range
14 Sound, or the character of sound
15 That which effects a result
16 A cleansing agent
17 Learning, or the field of learning
18 A city in southwestern New York
19 Part of a shoe
20 Started again
22 Inspired by a pleasant feeling
23 Native metal (plural)
24 The god of love
26 Forms by instruction or practice
29 Crying, as of sheep
33 Makes a tirade against
34 To take away the luster of
35 To press for payment of debt
36 A shoemaker's tool (plural)
37 Men
38 Serous fluids
39 A river in Scotland
40 Spanish title of respect
41 To injure as by a noxious wind
42 The common European shrew
44 The precinct of a cathedral (plural)


STEP PARIS EWER
STAGE ADORE AILED
COLON ROVER STATE
ARE■TAI■ENATE■TIN
BESS■NAG■EPI■SENT
ESTHER■HEFT
ARREAR■NYE■SIRENS
NEE■MUTTERS■TORIC
DEFT■MIL■MOB■PANE
EVERY■MERITED■SEN
SERIES■RUN■LATEST
ATOP■BECAME
FAIL■FAT■SAT■DACE
AWN■STRUT■TEE■BAN
CANOE AMAZE BEARD
TREAT DINER BATES
ERRS EDGES STET

Answer to last week's puzzle

45 Pastries
46 Snatch
47 A character in punctuation
50 A game of cards
54 A smell
55 A Jewish festival
57 A Biblical name
58 To lean over to one side
59 Having the margin unevenly notched
60 To peruse
61 Insects
62 Dividing walls
63 Passes below the horizon

VERTICAL

1 The principal member of a company
2 To gaze steadily or intently
3 Until
4 Strips of belongings
5 Certain cakes, usually baked on a griddle
6 Stories
7 Regretted
8 A man's name
9 A sebaceous cyst
10 To aid
11 Appearance or expression
12 White, wan
13 Hurried
21 Sea eagles
22 Earthy matter composed of clay and sand
24 Of greater age
25 A title of respect in the East
26 To exchange
27 Less cooked
28 Was sick
29 Underneath
30 Mental images
31 To take care of
32 Insects
34 Any cause of ruin or of lasting injury (plural)
37 A marsh or fen
38 Dribbles
40 Part of the leg
41 Blurt out
43 Wears, as clothing
44 A peninsula in southern Russia
46 Grain to be ground
47 A genus of African trees
48 The supreme deity of the Norse pantheon
49 Brought to destruction
50 The harvest
51 Opposed to aweather
52 An animal
53 Brings to a conclusion
55 A footlike part
56 Suffix denoting act

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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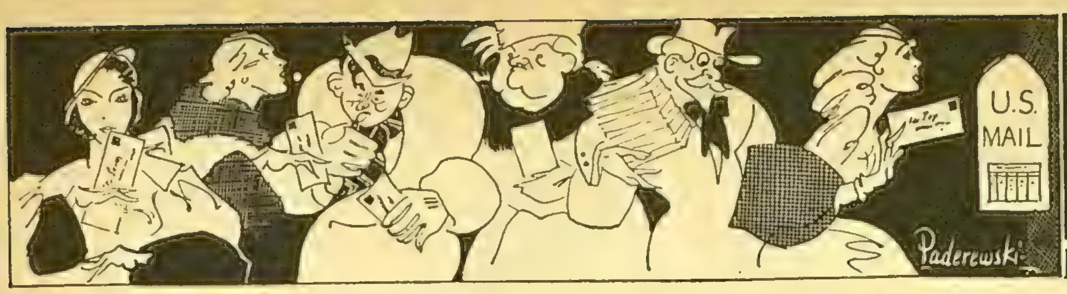
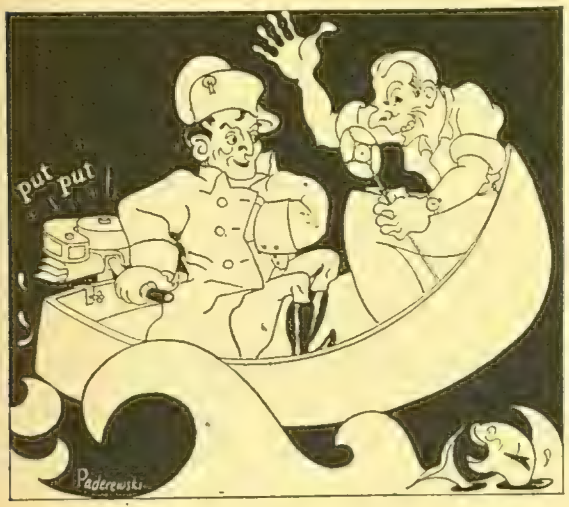


VOX

A Few Suggestions for Those Hollywood Directors

WEBSTER, S. D.—I read with a great deal of interest William de Mille's article What's Wrong with These Pictures? in the March 4 Liberty. After viewing them one is readily convinced that the parentage of some of the ideas must be on a par with that of a nondescript litter of puppies.

But please, Mr. Editor, don't have them stop these things on my account.



Let them go right ahead. Have Samson slay the Philistines with machine guns and equip the knights of old with motor cycles and gas masks of the most recent vintage.

When mythical Leander again swims the Hellespont, put it on the air. Be sure he is met with a microphone, preferably handed him by Graham McNamee, so we may hear something like this: "Hullo, mum! Well, I made it. Good-by." And why not have Napoleon effect an escape from his lonely isle by means of a boat equipped with an outboard motor and a microphone, so twenty million nincompoops can enjoy a chug-by-chug account of that momentous event?—*Peter J. Blegen.*

Mais Oui, Monsieur

DONNOCONA, P. Q.—Liberty is all right, the reading matter is fine, but I have one thing to kick about.

I get Liberty each week, and—would you believe it?—I translate everything, from cover to cover, into French. Now that is a job when you do it each week.

I think Liberty would sell fine here in the Province of Quebec if it were printed in French, and it would also take a lot of work from me.—*T. A.*

The Back-to-the-Land Corner

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—If the millions who are now unemployed were placed on small farms as you advocate, they would simply be spending their time and energy in the production, by inefficient methods, of bare necessities, and we would be just as far from real prosperity as we are now.

We have plenty of facilities for the efficient production not only of food and other actual necessities for our entire population but of enormous quantities of conveniences and luxuries.

An increase in the average person's purchasing power is needed to provide a market for these goods; and a general adoption of the thirty-hour week, together with a substantial increase in wage scales, is the only thing which will bring this about.—*Clifford Chapman.*

OJAI, CALIF.—I've read about this back-to-the-land movement until I'm bleary-eyed. Why don't these fellows like W. L. Lind in Vox Pop of March 4 go get their land? It doesn't cost anything to file on it. There is plenty of it to be homesteaded on in Washington, Oregon, and California—not good, but plenty of it.

How they expect to make a living is a problem thousands of business-minded, well established farmers are trying to solve. But the land is there for you, Mr. Lind, and your ardent back-to-the-land seekers. Go get it, and quit your infernal, everlasting bellyaching.—*A Broke Farmer.*

We Think Mr. Hatch Will Appreciate These Letters

KIRKSVILLE, MO.—Have been reading Liberty ever since it was a scandal sheet or little better.

Here is a suggestion: May we have a great many more stories like Five Days, by Eric Hatch? It is one of the best for some time. No fault to find with any of the others, but this one appeals to me. Also liked The Woman Accused.—*Douglas Firth.*

Douglas Firth

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I noticed that Eric Hatch in his serial Five Days has his Southern character say, "I think you-all are the nicest man I know of." Please let me advise you that a real Southerner never uses the expression "you-all" in the singular, but employs it when more than one person is included or implied. Most Northern authors make this error and most Southern readers resent it. Please understand that this is not a criticism of Eric Hatch, for I think his story is fine, but rather of all the authors who make that mistake.—*O. L. Grubbs, Jr.*

Roast Happens to Be Correct

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—In the second of your Twenty Questions in the February 11 Liberty—"What does the expression 'to rule the roast' mean?"—are you not in error? Shouldn't it be roost?—*Ranson Caygill.*

The Boodle Rings

MADISON, CONN.—I want to congratulate Silas Bent on his series of articles in Liberty exposing the partnership that exists in our cities between corrupt officeholders, unscrupulous business men and the hoodlums of the underworld.

It would seem that even a cursory glance at the daily accounts of unpunished crimes and unchecked political corruption that fill our newspapers should be enough to convince any thinking person that such an alliance does exist, but the average American citizen is, from all indications, the world's champion dumb-bell. He still believes in Santa Claus and the impeccability of the status quo.

He can see nothing unless it is shoved right under his nose and a strong searchlight focused upon it. Hence the necessity of more such articles as Partners in Crime.

And we send missionaries to the South Sea Islands!—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

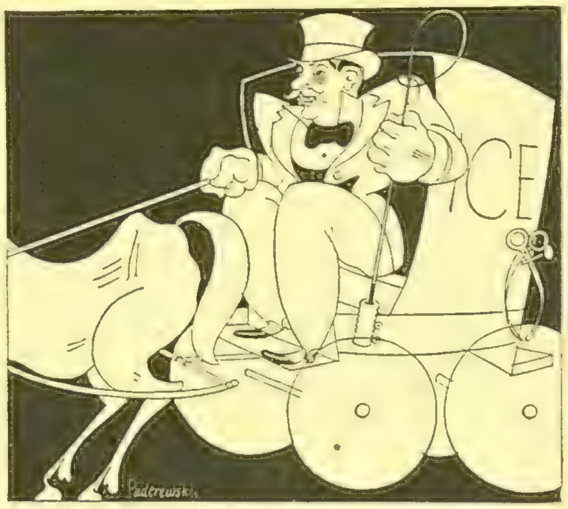
Albert, You'll Hear from This

BOSTON, MASS.—For years I have stood on the side lines and watched the fur fly in Vox Pop.

I have listened to various guys claim they won the war, heard gobs call each other geraniums, even stood for Leslie Thrasher, and never hurled an adjective.

When I read the caption They're Shrewd Down East over a letter sent from Swampscott, Massachusetts, in Liberty for February 25, I felt I must rise to the occasion and deal you out a lesson in geography.

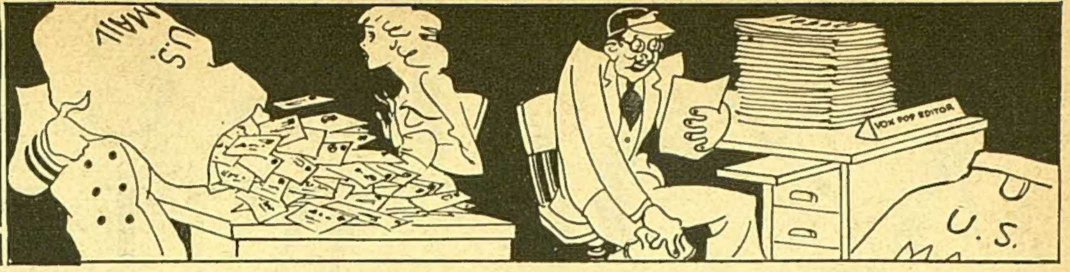
"Down-easters," or as they are more commonly called "bluenoses" or "herring-chokers," are a primitive race of people inhabiting the Maritime Provinces.



They are noted for their habit of wearing prewar-style clothing and their uncanny knack of strangling a herring without making its eyes pop.

Their sole ambition in life is to come to Boston and drive an ice wagon. Hoping I have set you aright in this important matter, I am—*Boston Albert.*

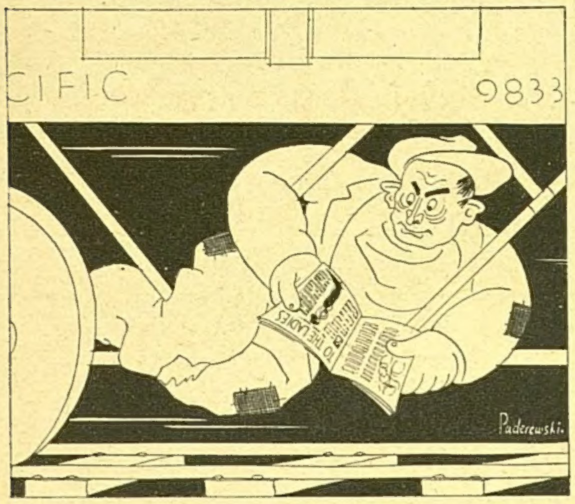
POP



G'wan, You Pansy

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have read your sheet for over five years and I think it's about time that the members of the blind-baggage, side-door Pullman fraternity be represented in the Vox Pop column.

Unbeknown to you, your magazine has been with me in some queer places. It has been from coast to coast in some twenty-odd states, Canada, Mexico, and even in Cuba.



I have carried Liberty on the blinds of the S. P.'s crack Sunset Limited from Frisco to Los and on their damnably slow freights from L. A. to New Orleans. Yes, sir—Liberty has been with me on nearly all the railroads and some of the finest stockades in the States.

In one box car my Liberty circulated among twenty fellows in one day, and when we voted on the best feature, what do you suppose won the praise? To the Ladies! by Princess Kropotkin. You may think this sounds fishy, but there are intelligent and cultured gentlemen among the brotherhood of panhandlers and stemmers. Brother, can you spare a jit? I wanta buy a Liberty.—*Alpine Slim.*

He Met Winslow Over There

CHICAGO, ILL.—There cannot be for me a greater treat than to read Alan Winslow's experiences in the air.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Winslow in Copenhagen, Denmark, in the winter of 1918-19, at about which time he had been released from the German prison camp. Being a member of the crew on the U. S. S. Orizaba, whose purpose was to bring back French and other prisoners of war to their native country, it was in this way I had the honor to meet Mr. Winslow.—*Robert C. Wassman.*

Are We Smart!

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—I am engaged in the practice of law and have read with considerable interest the article by Jay Franklin in the March 18 Liberty entitled How to Make Out Your Income Tax.

An article of this type renders to the reader and to the American taxpaying public a service of inestimable value. It supplies a type of information that is of vital concern to the average taxpayer, and this article presents it in clear and understandable language. Your publication is indeed to be commended for its efforts along this line.

I shall file the same away in my permanent records as a document of real import.—*A. W. Bass.*

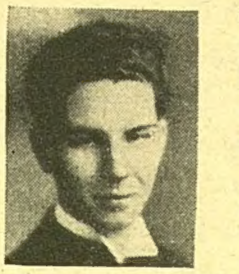
CLOVIS, CALIF. — Liberty and Jay Franklin have again earned the praise and best wishes of the common herd in How to Make Out Your Income Tax in the March 18 issue.

The unforgotten man at tax time finds information in this article that brings in dividends when everything else is in the red.

Five dollars for income-tax books by noted authors fails to do for us what our friends Liberty and Franklin did for five cents.—*C. V. Stirling.*

You Will

LOWELL, MASS.—On January 7, 1933, a boy who lives near me and sells Liberty asked me to " give him a break " and buy a copy from him. I did and have been getting it ever since—in fact, I pay for it in advance to be sure to get it. That was the first Liberty I ever read.


Leslie Lyle

I never enjoyed a serial so much as I did The Woman Accused. Vox Pop is the first department I read and I never fail to solve the Detectogram. Let's have some more adventures of the Potters.—*Leslie Lyle.*

About Lupe Velez's Wardrobe and Safe Deposit Box

CINCINNATI, OHIO—My wife, who reads To the Ladies! protests against the author's extravagant and needless description of Lupe Velez's " passion for clothes—shoes especially," in Liberty for March 18.

Do you frankly believe the information that the lady in question has one hundred and thirty-five pairs of shoes and a dozen fur coats, including three ermine ones, is particularly vital? Isn't it rather in bad taste to flaunt such extravagant publicity at a time like this? —*Walter Graves Lee.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Our bankers tell us that the hoarding of money is one of the main causes for the present banking crisis.

What about the Kropotkin article in which she states that Lupe Velez keeps all her money in cash in a deposit box? —*C. C.*

And He Was Peeved Because People Weren't Panning Him

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—Far be it from me to say I don't like Liberty—but there are things that are the absolute limit! Namely, Rob Wagner. Can you imagine all this unemployment—and that job filled by him? No, I can't.

Gladyce E. Rhodes

If it is a wave of economy, I just say this depression is terrible. Why not keep the office boy in from grandma's funeral once a week and have him review some movies? Or is Robbie —can it be—is he the office boy? Robbie has us all mixed up.

Seriously, what is it? All the good pictures are so underestimated that we have nothing to go by. Doesn't Mr. Wagner appreciate good entertainment? —*Gladyce E. Rhodes.*

STATE COLLEGE, PA.—Doesn't Liberty think it's about time that Rob Wagner was required to see personally all the pictures he so famously reviews?

In the issue of March 18 Rob says that Lee Tracy died a hero in Private Jones.

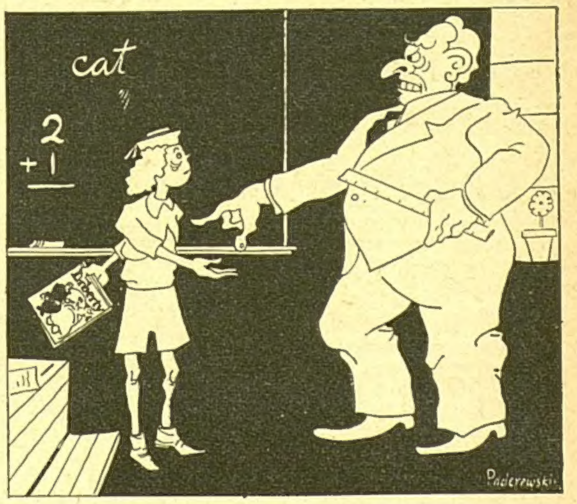
Perhaps Wagner didn't stay to see the whole picture. One never can tell from reading his reviews whether or not he actually sees the pictures or just imagines them.

Incidentally the picture, as I remember it, ended with Lee doing K. P. and wearing his D. S. C.

Oh, well, I don't suppose it matters very much these days!—*Will Rader.*

Here Is One Way for School-Teachers to Get Attention

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Once more Liberty has saved the day. There is a boy in one of my classes at the high school who heretofore refused to be taught. I discovered he sells Liberty; so I asked him to bring me mine each week.



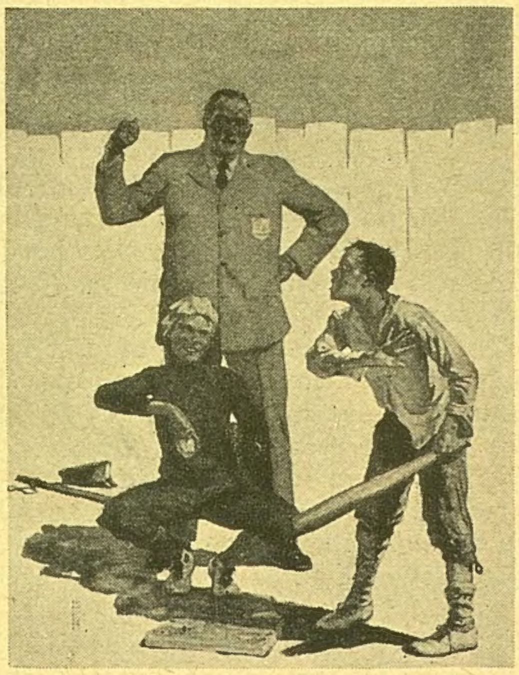
Now he is a changed boy in my class. I have a chance to teach him, f
afraid I will stop my
M. P. Gray

$250 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE PAID

For the Best Titles for This Week's Cover Picture

Sixty-four Awards for the Best Names

Here Is Your Chance for Some Easy Money



Have You a Winning Title for This Picture?

WHETHER or not you've ever tried your skill at naming cover illustrations in previous contests of this series, don't neglect to submit a title for the current cover. It is reproduced herewith.

What a picture to suggest names! The batter should be good for a handful of captions. And the catcher! Can't you just hear him "ride" the chap at the plate? Nor can we ignore the arm of the law. Perhaps he will suggest the winning title to you.

Jot down a list of the titles that come to your mind. Then select what you consider the best. Send it in. It may be worth $50 to you! That's the first cash prize this week. Second prize is $25. There are sixty-two other cash awards, any one of which may be yours.

Read the brief rules carefully. They give complete information on how to get into the money. Don't forget to complete your entry with the statement of not more than twenty-five words mentioned in the second paragraph. Above all, be sure that your name and full address are plainly readable on your entry. We cannot mail prize checks by guess. We must know where to send them.

TITLE CONTEST CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	**$50**
Second Prize	**25**
Third Prize	**15**
Fourth Prize	**10**
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	**50**
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	**100**
Total Prize Money	**$250**

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, April 24.

$250 CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

DINKY CONTEST MARCH 4 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Jacob Gealt, Philadelphia, Pa.

Man, grouch.
Wife, temper.
Dead spouse.
"Sic Semper."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Olive E. Glassman, Toronto, Ont.

Winter night.
Cold feet.
Tall man.
Short sheet.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

R. E. Welsh, Columbus, Ohio

Wrote Dinky,
Got check!
Wife saw.
Aw, heck!

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

D. H. Lawless, Norfolk, Va.

Dumb bunny
In trap.
Next seen—
Mink wrap!

TEN $5 PRIZES

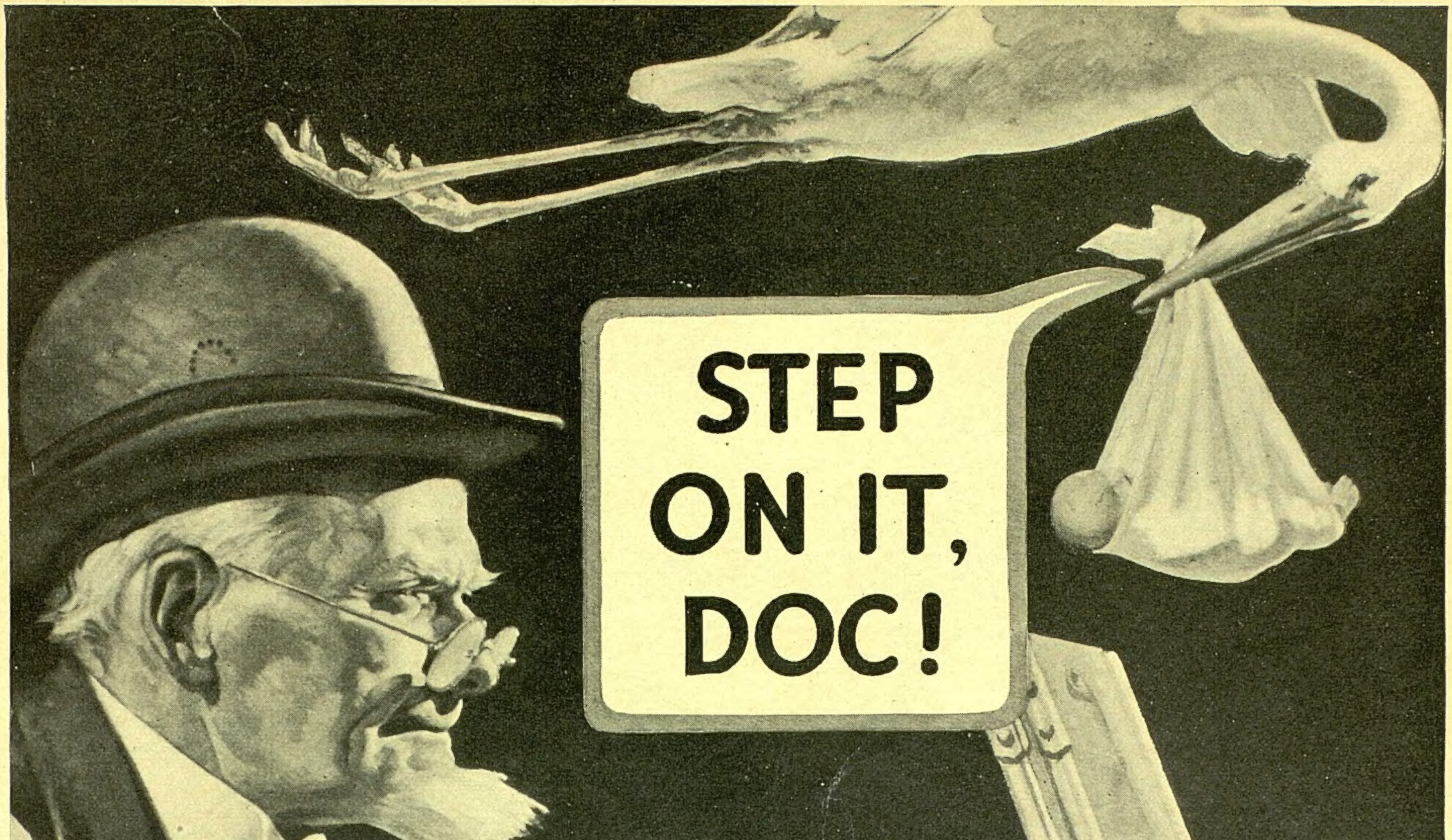
George H. Kirkland, Monessen, Pa.; W. M. Candee, New York, N. Y.; Isabell Crossen, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Dell Montgomery, Lancaster, Pa.; Stena Marie Holdahl, Indianapolis, Ind.; Richard Spears, Jefferson City, Mo.; Mrs. H. H. Howard, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; J. R. Eshelman, Terre Hill, Pa.; Mrs. H. A. Van Winkle, Spokane, Wash.; Howard Devine, Evansville, Ind.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

James O. Ambler, West Conshohocken, Pa.; C. W. Anderson, Omaha, Neb.; Jean F. Andrews, Goderich, Ont.; Mrs. John Arnold, Wytheville, Va.; Mrs. C. W. Bean, Los Angeles, Calif.; Paul Behrendt, Lake Beulah, Wis.; Pat Brady, Chicago, Ill.; C. Brown, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; Ross E. Bryant, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Eileen Buchanan, San Francisco, Calif.; Gene Burke, Spokane, Wash.; Albert Burkey, Hamilton, Ohio; Mary D. Cox, South Bend, Ind.; Orville de Rochemont, Portsmouth, N. H.; Paul Dollenberg, Towson, Md.; Elizabeth L. Doherty, Charlestown, Mass.

Hazel Dunham, Covington, Ky.; Charles Gaines, Welland, Ont.; Mrs. E. M. Goddard, Manasquan, N. J.; Peter Grindheimer, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. W. Grubbs, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. James Howard, Eganville, Ont.; T. S. Hudson, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary E. Isham, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Kincanon, Marianna, Ark.; Sol. Lubitsch, Montreal, Que.; H. H. Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; L. H. MacMorran, Los Angeles, Calif.; Madge Mathews, San Diego, Calif.; Richard J. Menefee, Covington, Ky.; Pat R. Michel, Pennsboro, W. Va.; Mrs. H. J. Miller, Savannah, Ga.

William S. Moss, Regina, Sask.; Raymond Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Florence Nather, Helena, Mont.; E. O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; Mona Tanner Parsons, Keithsburg, Ill.; Edna Queenen, Los Angeles, Calif.; James Rennie, Minneapolis, Minn.; Bob Sanders, Greensburg, Ky.; Ross A. Segrest, Waco, Tex.; Kathryn Stock, Yuma, Ariz.; Lucille Sorrells, Los Angeles, Calif.; Gladys C. Tellier, Jersey City, N. J.; James W. Throop, Trenton, N. J.; C. W. Tomlinson, Platteville, Wis.; Drew Walters, St. James, N. Y.; Mrs. James Wilcox, Big Spring, Tex.; Clyde R. Wilhelmi, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Ernest Winker, Harrison, N. Y.



℞ *For cars that are showing their age: Drive up to a pump that is marked with the Ethyl emblem and say, "Fill 'er up with Ethyl." Repeat treatment regularly. Ailing motor will recover its contented purr. Harmful knock will disappear, and added power will displace sluggishness.*

WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

HERE is a prescription for the doctor pictured above—and for everyone else who has to make his car do a while longer. Just remember: The next best thing to a brand-new car is Ethyl in the tank of your present car.

And with pennies counting as they do today, remember this too: The savings that regular use of Ethyl Gasoline makes in repairs and upkeep *more* than offset its slight additional cost. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

GOOD GASOLINE
+
ETHYL FLUID
=
ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

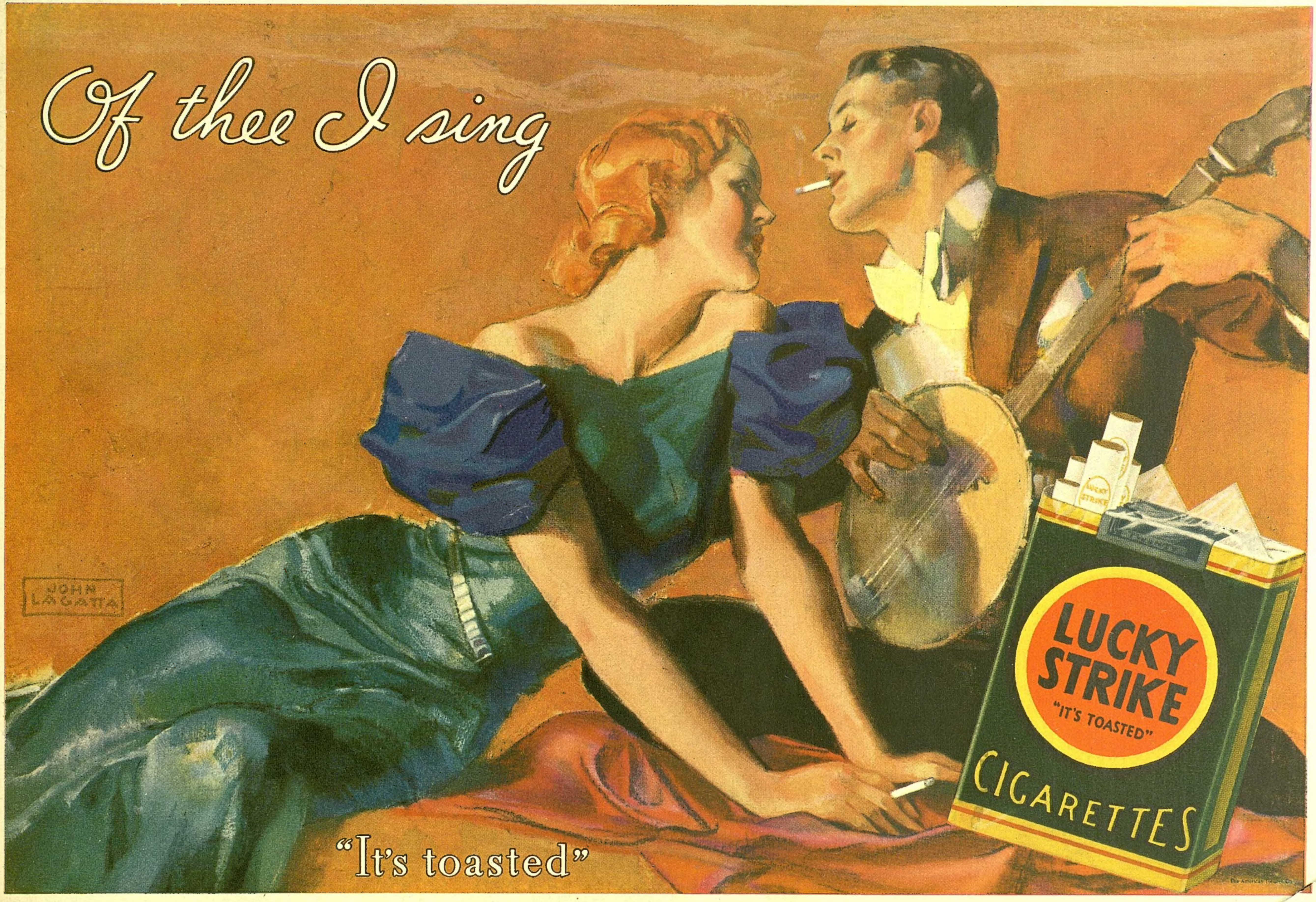
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

* * *

The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: at the time of its mixing, and through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. The Ethyl Gasoline standard of anti-knock quality is higher today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP


Of thee I sing
JOHN LAGATTA
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
"It's toasted"